

My Year of Dreams

Surfing the Subconscious Mind

Vince Migliore

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Author: Vince Migliore, Folsom, California.

BlossomHillBooks@aol.com

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INTRODUCTION

This is a year-long study of over 400 dreams recorded from April 1, 2024 through March 31, 2025. Most dreams are described in detail, many with author comments. It is a first-person record of experiences that delve into the subconscious mind, including several spiritual experiences and Jungian psychological insights. Carl Jung wrote “Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.” The importance of dreams in understanding the mechanisms of subconscious motivations is well documented by leading psychologists.

This journal is presented in digital format to allow students, academics, and researchers to apply analysis techniques such as word processing and content analysis. The author is a Psychology major who has been documenting his dreams for more than 50 years. This work is listed as a Creative Commons License CC BY Vince Migliore (Attribution), which allows other authors and researchers to freely access the contents.

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Introduction

This book is a record of dreams for one full year, written by a somewhat spiritual man. For many nights, more than one dream is recorded, many with dreamer comments.

It is intended for use by psychology students and professionals as a channel into the workings of the subconscious mind, as well as for those with an interest in the spiritual truths gleaned from those nighttime adventures.

The importance of dreams in understanding mechanisms of the subconscious motivations is well documented by leading psychologists. Sigmund Freud, for example, stated that dreams were the “royal road to a knowledge of the unconscious activities of the mind” Freud (1900). Carl Jung wrote “Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.”

Freud contends that much of the dream landscape is filled with wish fulfillment fantasies, while Jung introduced the concept of the collective consciousness and psychological archetypes, where the same themes and symbols occur throughout human history and across all cultures. The Hero archetype, for example, represents the individual's quest for identity, personal growth, and the overcoming of challenges or obstacles.

I personally tend to favor Carl Jung's theories, as from my experience there are recurring themes, such as dietary advice, ethical standards, trips to foreign countries, intense symbolism and spiritual insights. I often wonder if my dreams are just machinations of my own psyche or perhaps revelations from the collective consciousness as Jung suggests. I know much of my dreams are stimulated by waking events of the previous days, while others are so bizarre, fantastic, and symbolic, that there is no way such scenarios came from my own personal experiences. See dream 2 of October 16th for example. Still other dreams are generated by purely physical environmental factors. I might dream of my feet being cold and wet only to wake up and notice the bed covers have slipped off my legs and my feet are cold.

April, 2024

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April 1, 2024.

Starting a new dream diary today.

I guess it's appropriate on April Fools' Day.

Dream:

I'm in a house with other people. It feels like we are hiding out or possibly trying to avoid detection. There is a closet with boxes on the upper shelves. I seem to know that if I move the boxes aside there is a secret escape hatch hidden there where I can squeeze through a latch in the ceiling and escap.

Comments:

This is a common experience for me which may be episodes of out-of-body experiences. It often involves a closet with a narrow passage into which I shoot up.

Up there in this new arena, I run into a bunch of old friends. We are playing battle games, like kung-fu fighters. We all have different gear on, with masks and helmets, but we all know each other and it's a fun game even though it involves battle games. I high-five one fellow who is in English knight gear.

After a nap.

Dream:

I am roaming the streets of a big city, possibly Manhattan in New York. There are many large buildings. There is a festive atmosphere, and I can see into open doors, garage doors and building driveway openings, where people are dressed up in costumes, and parade-like clothing, as if they are going to put on a show. I know that we are about to experience a holiday like celebration, but nothing yet on the streets of the city. My wife, Char, is with me.

April 3, 2024.

Dream 1:

Two parents are nurturing a little baby. They are living on a small boat, like a cabin cruiser, and the scene is below decks in the boat. The baby is sweating and crying. It seems the baby is actually nurturing the parents. Now I turn into the husband, and I carry the baby outside to get some cool, fresh air.

Comments:

This might be what I call a physically induced dream, as when I woke up, I was overly warm on this mild Spring night. Maybe too many blankets.

Dream 2:

People are living on an island, which was once a land-fill. The garbage is just below the surface in many places. In one place where the trash is exposed I see a metal sign reading “Buchanan Award.” The island name is Bigsby Island, or perhaps Bugsby Island.

Comments:

Not sure what this means. At first I thought it as related to president Buchanan, but there is also an award for defensive players in football. In the dream I thought it referred to the president. If the location is called Bugsby Island, I think it would refer to people being bugged by all the trash they are living in, a referral, perhaps, to the state of our country at this time.

April 5, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm seated in the front row of several rows or chairs. It seems to be some social event at church. There are volunteer talent show events going on, as a sort of entertainment. I go up front with four other guys and we sing a nice song. I see a man by the stage and he looks familiar. I ask if he's from my ham radio club. As I speak to him he changes into a slim red-headed woman. She denies knowing me or anything about my radio hobby. I see two women from my book club. I give them a quick, informal greeting.

Dream 2:

I'm a cop, and we are in a room where we get a briefing on what to expect today. There are two female senior officers there. Both of them are sitting in a relaxed, informal pose, not seeming to care about the briefing or our professional duties. These are the same two women from my book club, from the previous dream.

Comments:

I am in a ukulele sing-along group, which is fun and entertaining. I'm there for social activities, much like church. In the second dream, being a cop probably relates to my own sense of law enforcement and corrective behavior.

April 6, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a rather messy garage. There is a pet chicken running around the place, and I think he finally gets out. I go looking for him.

Dream 2:

I'm beside a very large banquet hall and there's a big event going on. I'm one of the first people inside, so I get to sit near the main speaker, who is a small black lady. She's giving a lecture that I don't find very interesting. Meanwhile there's an announcement that volunteers are needed to serve our military service people first, so I get up to help out. I'm given a bag, and serve about 5 service men with the contents: beer, other drinks, and a hot coffee.

I go wandering around the tables and hundreds of people are in position for a sit-down dinner. I see my ex-wife Judy. She is young and beautiful with long blond hair, as she was in her twenties. Walking further, I see the in-laws table with John G. and Patty G. I talk to John and he tells me about his health problems. Then I see the table where my kids are sitting. Somehow I have some hockey or ski gear that I have to drop off with my son, D.

April 7, 2024, Sunday.

Dream:

I'm in a rural setting. I'm about to give a lecture to a group of UFO enthusiasts, but my speech is about how Near-Death Experiences relate to extraterrestrials, dreams, and the subconscious mind. The group is some kind of loose gathering of cult types, while the people running the show are a bit amateurish and disorganized. Still, I'm a bit nervous to give the lecture, as I don't have a fixed script or know exactly what I want to say. I do have a loose-leaf book with photos of the slides I once used to give an NDE lecture, and that is reassuring. I am supposed to give my talk at 11:00 AM.

Meanwhile, there is an informal marathon foot race supposed to occur after the lecture. I want to participate, but I'm too tired to run a full marathon.

Comments:

I've been thinking of writing another book, this one on the world as a mental

projection of the subconscious mind, and how it relates to projection of our thoughts, New Age Christianity, UFOs, NDEs, and other strange and spiritual ideas. That however is a major project that might take many months to write: a real marathon.

After nap; Dream:

I'm in a nice, classy restaurant with my family. Another couple comes in. The husband is a Jewish-looking guy with large puffy hair, like an Afro, but it's filled with green and white flowers, very much like one of the flower vases on a table behind him, so that his head and the flower vase seem to be merging into his black hair like a peacock display. His wife is a beautiful light-skinned black lady, looking sweet and graceful. Between them is a light-skinned daughter. We strike up a lighthearted conversation. When I look back at them the Jewish husband has turned into a rather chubby black man with a bald head.

I say to him, "You look like a professor of psychology! Maybe a professor of psychiatry. He seems pleased. But then I see a businessman, in a gray suit, holding a cigar, and he begins talking to the black husband. I hear someone in my own dinner party begin to voice concerns about the black professor. She's afraid of him and a bit weepy.

Comments:

As I wake up, I'm not sure if the girl's concerns are not really my own, but voiced by her. The previous evening I saw an episode on television, American Greed, where a black man, a prison warden, was exposed as a con man.

April 8, 2024.

Dream 1.

I'm in the military, somewhere in the Middle East. It's in a desert area. I'm given two rations of breakfast, an egg on a biscuit. I eat one of them then hurry on to catch up with the rest of the troops. They are all in what looks like a shower room or extended bathroom. Further on down the hall is a big dorm room, but it

also holds hospital patients. I get to choose where my bed is. I pick a bed by a window, next to a soldier who is being treated for wounds.

I'm joking with a black man and I call him "boy," which can be an insult. But he takes it in stride. I tell him I grew up going to school in Harlem, in New York City.

We hear rumors that an attack is about to occur. One incident in which some Arabs are holding a prisoner, and he runs away towards us, shouting something. The Arabs catch him and bring him back to their camp. I see scenes of him being beaten and tortured.

We are resting back in the dorm room. Someone comes in selling cookies and sweets, Kit-Kats and Lorrna Doones, but they are fake copies of American packages and I don't want them. Another Arab man comes in carrying a small, round vase. I suspect he is an infiltrator who wants to do us harm. I want to get him out of there.

I see a desert outside. There are large sand dunes around and these large, ancient dinosaurs among them. One dinosaur finds a pool of oil in the sand. Generally they don't drink the oil, but something sets them off and many of them start drinking the oil collecting in pools in the sand. This switch in their diets leads to mayhem, where the dinosaurs go mad eating the oil. It drains these underground caverns of the oil, causing chaos in the ranks of the local oil economy.

Dream 2.

I'm at a bus stop. These teenage Middle-Eastern kids start jostling with me and my friends. I feel they stole my wallet, and I wrestle a bit with them, trying to get it back. Finally I see it laying on the sidewalk. I pick it up. The main pocket has no bills in it, but I see I folded a bunch of twenty-dollar bills where I hid them in a less visible slot. The thieves missed seeing over \$200. I show the wallet to my friend, savoring my luck.

Dream 3:

I'm in a country setting in the south-east portion of the US. A local sheriff gives me money and asks me to buy something at a small local grocery store. I

strongly suspect it's a set-up, and that he's filming me to arrest me on a drug charge. I have a plan, however, of filming it myself, with a hidden camera. As I wake up, I'm considering different ways of planning this, since if he arrests me for buying drugs I don't want him to find my own hidden camera.

April 9, 2024.

Dream:

I'm on a bus, or train with other people when a group of Hispanic gang members take over the coach. They have guns and seem angry and threatening. I understand there's a girl among us and she has a plan to befriend the gang leader and would help us thwart the plot.

Comments:

I'm surprised to have so many violent and threatening dreams. This is unusual for me. I don't feel any anger or upset in my life right now. Maybe just a little angst when my cell phone had an outage -- which took six days to resolve. But that trial is resolved now.

April 10, 2024.

Dream:

I see a close-up of a woman's vagina. There is a squiggly white worm moving around the clitoris. This morphs into a mouse inside her with its head at the clit stimulating her.

Next, I see a friend who is generally straight-laced and proper, but she's sitting on top of three naked men, all of them with their penis inside her. I seem to be one of the three, although I view the scene from a more distant perspective. She's wearing an ill-fitting black wig. Later the wig is more fitting and blond, and she looks more Nordic than in real life.

I see a black screen. At the bottom are moving boxes of red, orange, and yellow. They are shuffling around at the bottom of the black screen.

Comments:

This is highly unusual and graphic for me; atypical. The images may be based on a movie I saw on TV last night. The red, orange, and yellow boxes represent the lower chakras, for survival, reproduction, and socializing. Base thoughts.

April 11, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a war zone somewhere in eastern Europe. I'm in the trenches with other soldiers. There is a rumor going around that the enemy has somehow infiltrated our positions and has planted bombs in the walls of the trenches. We have, however, figured a way to reduce the danger. They put up heavy brown blankets against the walls and this seems to prevent injury.

April 12, 2024.

Dream:

I'm running in some kind of race. It's held indoors in an office building and involves going up and down stairs. I think I'm winning the race but a fellow is running close behind me. I think I've already completed the race but I do one more lap anyway.

I'm looking for work and I apply for a few part-time positions. One is as a nurse or in some medical capacity. I find I'm now working for FedEx. I receive two packages addressed to me, but once delivered, I cannot find them. I search around the office. I meet fellow workers from previous jobs. I ask other staff to help me find my packages, but they keep telling jokes and teasing, not caring about my need for the mail packages. I find some old questionnaires under a shelf.

Comments:

I once was a nurse, but my main career was market research and statistical analysis. Not sure in the dream if I should go back to market research.

April 13, 2024.

Dream:

I'm with a group of friends. We are all refugees fleeing war somewhere in eastern Europe. I hear a voice: "You could go to Berlin, then on to Poland if you need to."

April 15, 2024,

Dream:

It seems I'm moving into a new apartment. I'm trying to settle in, but several people are in the rooms with me trying to put their own imprint on my decorations and style. I don't want them there. They are too many to handle. I start yelling at them to get out. Finally, they clear out, but then a new group of people enter. This time they are all young women, but they again keep trying to own my space. I'd rather do it my way. I yell at them to get out, just like the previous group.

I see different women swinging on a trapeze. They hold their legs in professional positions, like one knee up and pointed toes.

Comments:

It seems I want my own space, to do things my way.

April 17, 2024.

Dream:

I'm a student in India. It's time for exams. I get to the train station to travel to the test area. It costs one nickel to board the train. I travel up the west coast of India. When I get there I'm told that the exam is two weeks from today. I've never been to this part of India before. I think I can study and get to know the area as I wait for the exam.

Dream 2:

I'm in a restaurant at a long table. There are two parents sitting opposite me on the left and four teenage girls in front of me. One of the girls is complaining about why she has to meet all these precautions and conditions before she can sleep with people she likes.

I tell her in the first half of life it's all about romance and relationships. In the second half of life it's all about finding God in yourself and then seeing God is those around you. Romance, ego, and sex are less important as you grow older. She doesn't seem to understand this. I ask her, "Why do you feel separate?" She's mulling this over, but I wake up before this new topic can be fully explored.

April 18, 2024.

Dream 1:

I am looking at several TV screens all showing different pictures. My job is to see which ones are really two-dimensional, which are 3-D, and which are actually multi-dimensional.

Dream 2.

I am looking at 6 to 8 different portraits. These are head shots, all about the same size. My job is to match them into pairs and create a dozen or so images with two portraits each.

April 19, 2024.

Dream:

I'm being tasked with inventing some kind of hybrid piano that incorporates a water string that can be plucked to make a twanging or bass sounds. The piano part is easy, since it's already been invented. The string part is problematic. It seems water flows through the string and it has to drain into a basin. Meanwhile, it cannot drip on the piano, yet it must be within reach so your hand can pluck the string. It must be near the center of the length of the string so that you can generate harmonics and get a full sound. An expert in music engineering is there to help me, but he seems challenged by the assignment as much as I am.

April 20, 2024.

Dream:

I see a long, green worm-type creature crawling and stretching along a staircase in my home. A young girl comes running past me. She's afraid of it, as it seems to be growing. Now it's as big as a frog and continues to grow. I pick it up to take it outside, but then it turns into the stray cat that has been hanging around at my back door (in real life.) I pick it up and cradle it in my arms as it's a very friendly cat. But then I see its lower jaw is rotted and deteriorating. I am wondering if it's evil or something. I know it, however, as a very affectionate cat. I continue to hold it hoping it will heal.

Comments:

In real life this cat has been worming (pardon the pun) itself into my life. It's a young, clean female cat which is very affectionate and very hungry. I would like to keep it in my life somehow, but we already have an indoor cat, and she's very territorial and intolerant of other cats. This new cat is a little thin, but in good health, which suggests she might belong to someone else as an outdoor cat, so I'm wrestling with the idea of sending her to some rescue service, or just continue to feed her every morning. She is not spayed and doesn't have fleas, but I wonder how long that will last being outdoors as summer approaches. I've been feeding her every morning now for about a week. See **Figure 1**.

Figure 1. Stray cat.



April 21, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm playing some kind of word game. A puzzle. You read the clues and match it to some word.

Dream 2:

These two women are following me. They appear to be in their 30s. They are speaking words that make it clear they want to have some kind of romantic interaction with me. One has a white dress on and the other black. I suspect the colors mean good versus evil. I'm working at a bench. The woman in white lays down on the floor. She's sleepy. I'm thinking this might be a good time to engage her in some kind of sexual activity.

April 22, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a classroom, or possibly a business meeting of some kind. A slim Asian lady is giving instructions to a class on how to fill out a 4-page application or form of some kind. She's telling us which portions of the form have to be filled out and what they all mean. I'm trying to take notes on what she's saying, but it's confusing.

She has a big, red felt-tip pen and she's putting check marks on the items we DON'T have to fill out. I'm trying to tell her to use X marks, not check marks, as X generally means to ignore this item. But she is resisting my suggestions. I feel it's a cultural, or possibly a language barrier problem so I don't push it. Besides, she's the leader of the class and I don't want to undermine her authority.

Dream 2:

There's been some heavy rain and some flooding in a country overseas, possibly in the Middle East. There is a floor with large mosaic tiles and some dry spots are appearing, indicating the flood danger has passed. There is a group of construction men with hard hats discussing the clean up. They seem happy because they've been working below ground to assess if there is any damage and they find "there is no odor," meaning there is no problem with sewage below the street level. They then start working on some kind of structure. They are taking it apart, stripping it down to the studs, clearing out the center panels.

Dream 3:

I am Jerry Seinfeld, and I'm in a rock band as a player. Then the perspective changes and I'm watching Seinfeld in the band. He's on drums, but it's obvious he knows nothing about drums or how the band works. The leader of the band starts playing and he yells at Jerry, "Play a G-squared!"

I'm trying to tell Jerry that I think that means you strike the drum near the rim, but like him, I'm not at all sure that's correct. Surprisingly, the band leader doesn't correct him. Later, another band member sees Jerry's lack of talent as a protest against the arbitrary rules of the band leader. He sees Jerry as a rebel and a force for liberty among the other band members. I feel that's kind of ironic, considering Jerry's total lack of musical protocol.

Comments:

For dreams 1 and 3, this seems to be a theme for me. I always have trouble deciding what to do when authority figures are obviously doing something wrong. Should I speak up and voice my concerns? Or maybe there's some wisdom in the song "Let it be."

The middle dream – I'm not sure of. I suspect it may represent a physical bowel problem being resolved. I was a bit constipated a few days ago and by drinking lots of water that all cleared up. The workers are engaged in the bowels of the building.

April 22, after nap.

Dream:

I see my daughter. She is about 30 years old in the dream. She has "decorated" the entry way to my house, between the front door and the foyer door. She has drawn notes and figures on the side panels of the entryway. Later, I see her cleaning up the house. She is wiping the television screen off. We are having company visiting and she wants the house to look nice. I tell her: "While you're at it, why not clean up notes in the foyer?"

Real life notes.

Close to a miracle.

A stray cat has been hanging around our house for the last week. We decided to have her spayed so she would have a better chance of being adopted. She came back with a cone collar to prevent her from licking the incision site. She also came with three days of oral medication for pain.

When we got her home, to our back-yard shed, she suddenly bolted out the door in a panic from the collar. It was cold that night and was starting to rain. I was worried for her survival, as the cone made it difficult to eat and get around. We searched all through the next day and evening. The second night it was rainy and cold again. My prayers changed from pleas to saving her to pleas to make her suffering short before she died.

At the depth of my despair, about 28 hours later, she just showed up at our back door. The cone was gone from her neck. She was dry and calm, and acted as if nothing happened. Since then she has been happy, sitting in our lap in the sunshine. She is a very loving cat, cuddling and purring for long periods. Now, we have a neighbor who wants to adopt her. I said “close to a miracle,” but is there even such a thing?

April 24, 2024

Dream:

I'm at work, tabulating surveys. It's a medical survey. My female supervisor tells me we cannot have any numbers in the report. All numbers have to be removed. I ask, "Does that mean even numbers like a blood pressure reading." She doesn't answer, but I get the feeling that any numbers are forbidden.

Comment:

I was a Market Research Analyst for much of my career, tabulating survey results and writing reports.

April 25, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at the earth from high in the sky. Looking down I see a lake somewhere in the Middle East.

I focus in on the west coast of this lake. Then I see a very similar lake and coastline, but this time in the American Mid-West, somewhere near Indiana. Finally, I see a third lake, same coastline, but I don't know where it is. I have the feeling that all three places are related in terms of political and social events.

Dream 2, after nap:

I'm in a house and I open a closet door to find a swarm of ants, or bugs, swirling all around inside. I go out to look for a can of bug spray and I see the ants again swarming out of the front door and onto the walk way.

Comments.

Not sure what the maps and lakes mean. I think it attempts to show that what is happening in one part of the world is reflected elsewhere across the planet. The bug theme, for me, indicates the body is fighting and infection of some kind. The "bugs" are multiplying. I have to watch my health.

April 26, 2024.

Dream:

I see bullets being fired into a pile of dirt or sand. The sand particles go off flying in a cloud of debris. I'm thinking we should get a sound recording and frequency spectrum to help identify the shots.

April 27, 2024.

Dream:

I'm having lunch with friends. We are all members of a ukulele group (in real life) and we generally go out for lunch after the morning practice and sing-along sessions. This time I'm a driver, taking them to a coffee shop in nearby Placer County. Usually we all go in separate cars. Now I'm driving them all home, going to the Folsom Community Center where we all meet. The drive, however, is taking too long, and I'm not sure of the route. We stop at a second restaurant for another lunch. This place is known for it's friendly cat. Next thing I know, this cat is sitting on my shoulder, and I'm feeding it slices of ham from our table.

Comments:

We've been feeding a stray cat who's been visiting us. We plan to put her up to be adopted. She is very friendly.

April 28, 2024.

OK, strange dream:

There is a machine that paints rough surfaces. The paint is thick, so if there is an indentation in the surface the paint will span the two high spots of the surface and leave a bubble of air in the valley. Another machine crawls along the surface and detects these air bubbles, then pushes a pin into the air pocket so the paint covers the entire surface. As I wake up, I feel the machine is crawling along my back.

Comment:

I believe this is a physical stimulus dream. If you place relatively flat bedding

over a body, you invariably get cold air pockets where the sheets and blankets are not in contact with your skin. Getting rid of the air pockets is a symbolic way to depict that.

April 29, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm working with an old friend, and political consultant: Milt Cutler. He is creating a big social project and has to hire just under 1000 workers. He wants me to help him with this project.

Dream 2:

I'm helping engineers planning to build modular ships for the Navy. It includes interchangeable pods for each section of the ship. The main body might contain three identical modules for the cargo and a variety of shapes for the front bow, depending on the needs. These front sections might be wide or narrow V-shapes, or have different below water designs, but again all interchangeable with other modules. There are, likewise, different modules for the stern, the helm, and the smokestacks.

Dream 3:

I'm in a large dormitory or hotel for students. My brother Dave has a room there. I want to take a shower, but now I'm not sure which room is his so I can bathe in private. There is a girl there and I'm not sure if she is in the wrong apartment or I am. I ask Dave to help sort this out, but he has no useful information for me and walks away.

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May 1, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a small town setting. There are a group of local folks protesting. One of them is a shirtless country boy who seems to have a beef with me and is shouting at me. Later I see his father and ask him about his son. I then try to make amends with this protester, telling him how I once lived in a rural area near farms and rural settings. I feel, however, that my attempts at reconciliation are met with only lame acceptance.

May2, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a car on a 3-lane highway with crowded traffic. Four young kids in a tiny topless sedan pull around me and try to rob us. One of them shoots a gun at my legs, but I'm holding his gun hand with my hands and none of the bullets hit me. I drive fast to get away. I lose control of the car and run into the front yard of a run-down house stuck in a corner of the highway system.

I see a hose and I turn it on, as I need water for something. A young boy is yelling at me. It seems I have trespassed onto their lawn. The father comes out and throws a wire mesh object at me. He is an angry red-neck type fellow and very hostile. I try to explain to him it was just an accident. His father is there and I try to reason with him to control his son. I see the hose again and I want more water. The angry red-neck man talks to me. "Come on into my house. I want to get you high on drugs." I feel very cautious, not wanting to get entangled with him.

Comments:

This suggest losing control: of the body (the car). Also a need for more hydration.

May 3, 2024.

Dream:

People are cultivating a comb-shaped plant for food. This plant seems to thrive in 3rd world countries. Donald Trump is sitting in a chair. He asks me, "Why don't people speak up against that?"

I reply, "It grows everywhere, like a weed, like rats in Mexico."

May 4, 2024

Dream:

I'm on the staff of a school: it seems like a High School. I go to put something in a closet, but the closet is filled with just one piece of furniture; a large wood frame, like the support for a tabletop. I feel like this is an inefficient use of space, so I take it out and put it in a corner of a classroom. Then a large man, a fellow teacher or officer of the school asks me where it is. I tell him, but he cannot find the structure. Finally, he does find it.

Now I have to go to the bathroom. I cannot find one. I eventually find one labeled for staff only.

May 5, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm talking with my sister-in-law, Patti G., telling her about how my brother-in-law, John G., was so helpful and friendly when I married his sister. I start telling her about the spiritual events that unfolded as I was wrestling with breakup of a romantic situation; how it led to an epiphany for me. We are very close in the dream. We're in a hotel room, with separate beds. It's a platonic setting.

Dream 2:

I'm in a large classroom. Class is about to start but the teacher has not arrived yet. I'm looking for a seat, but most of the seats are already taken. I find myself levitating, and I start showing off to others how I can float in the air, spin slowly

around, and land at a certain spot on one of the crowded tables. The other students, however, won't allow me to squeeze in. Finally, it becomes known that the teacher wants to add two large circular tables into the back of the room. I settle down there.

May 10, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm driving around in a car in an old city. I feel like it's in Europe somewhere. I come to a large metal gate with tall vertical bars. It is blocking the road. There is a gang of Russian hooligans guarding the gate, preventing anyone from entering or leaving the city.

Dream 2:

I see a stray cat in my back yard. It approaches me and lets me pet her.

Notes on the stray cat:

We put up posters in our neighborhood for the stray cat. A fellow saw the poster and came to see if this cat was his. It was NOT his cat, and he seemed heartbroken, as it had been missing for 5 weeks. A group of us stood around him in front of our house. Some kind of prayer must have gone up, because about a half hour later he called us back. His lost cat had been waiting at his front door when he got back home! (Miracle?)

Now another gray stray has been hanging around my back yard, but I don't want to get involved again. It's just too much stress and anxiety.

May 11, 2024.

Dream 1:

I am one of two nurses, new hires at a hospital. We are assigned to the nursery department, the neonatal ICU. It's the night shift and I'm tired. I think during the quiet periods I can take a nap. Then I realize I have to write my nursing notes. I feel me and the other nurse are not well trained in neonatal care. This could be harmful to the babies. I feel the institution is being negligent to assign new people to this sensitive position.

Dream 2:

I'm driving around, thinking I want to work, to find a job. I meet this man who is hiring. He knows I make a good, non-alcoholic juice drink, and he wants me to add that to a party that is coming up. It is supposed to supplement another fellow who is making alcohol-laced hot toddies for the same party. Some time has passed and I'm not sure he still wants to hire me. I go to his house where I meet three of his sons. One named Jack, who's a very slick business man in a fashion-wise black suit. The other is a bushy-haired hippy type. The third is a chalky white alien with a big bald head.

May 13, 2024:

Dream 1:

I'm taking a test; some kind of personality or IQ test. It seems I didn't do well, which surprises me. I try to recheck the questions and re-do the math.

Dream 2:

I'm in a rural setting, a one gas station town with rustic old buildings. Inside the buildings are several rooms with wooden planks for the walls and red-neck type hicks living there. One fellow has a nice pickup truck and I try to talk and relate to him and his friends, but all I really want to do is get out of there.

May 14, 2024:

Dream:

I see a large plaza with a spiral design of bricks. It reminds me of the Yellow-Brick Road in The Wizard of Oz movie. The bricks are pastel shades of blue and gold. I have some grayish coins and I lay them out along the borders of the colored bricks. It adds some degree of contrast to the design.

May 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm inside a mobster organization, like the mafia. For their own safety, they have rules against guns in certain critical areas. They strictly enforce these rules, killing their own people for infractions. This even applies to women. One woman suspected of hiding a gun comes back into the room with an unusually long, bulky hairdo. I think she may be hiding a gun in there somewhere.

Six other people, charged with or suspected of violating this gun rule are exiled to a very steep mountain, almost like a fat stalagmite. Three of them are shot from a distance with rifles, and they fall to their death on the rocks below. Three others, including one woman who has been hiding in a sandy pit, are allowed to live, escape, and return to the mob. They ride a wooden roller-coaster track to get back to the organization.

Back in a mob room, on the top floor of an old wooden building, one of the mobsters is walking with his young daughter. The girl, about 10 years old, drops a small plastic flashlight that is formed into the shape of a pencil. Since the pencil might be used as a stabbing device, the father quickly hides it, lifting up a floorboard where other potential weapons are hidden. Apparently, there is some wiggle room, or confusion about exactly what is allowed or forbidden.

May 16, 2024.

Dream:

I'm one of several real estate agents helping a man to sell his house. There is a suggestion that this house contains hidden caches of valuables or treasures. I find myself going through the house looking in boxes to see if I can find any. I see these cartridges, like whiskey flask sized squares that might contain coins or something. The owner of the house seems to like me, but other members of his family don't trust the real estate agents. I urge him to be calm and cautious, but I feel guilty inside, as I too was entertaining thoughts of deception.

May 17, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in the central staircase of an office building. My friend, Dan R. is trying to sneak up the stairs to crash an office party that is going on after work hours. I'm trying to get up too but the stairway is blocked. I also see some activity between a man and a woman on the 4th floor. They are rolling on the floor of one of the staircase landings. Anyway, I feel this is a private party and no one is supposed to be there uninvited. But somehow, Dan gets up there and is spotted. Someone yells at him: "Hey! How did you get here?" Dan returns to my spot on the lower staircases. He's got a devilish smile on his face and he's carrying a big box of candy.

Not sure if these are normal waking thoughts or a dream:

I see a painting technique that uses several globs of paint on a canvas and it's spread by a window cleaning squeegee. It makes eerily interesting patterns and I want to try it.

I have an urge to take some of my better bird-watching photographs and have them framed with the idea of giving them to a friend who needs them for decorating homes.

May19, 2024.

Dream:

I hear the words “You’re in the perfect position.”

Then it repeats, but this time I see a man speaking them. He looks something like Pete Rose, the baseball player. A third time I hear the words “You’re in the perfect position,” again with the man speaking to me.

Comment:

Not sure what this refers to. I’ve heard a message repeated three times is supposed to be important. It may refer to some sticky social position I’ve been wrestling with, or possibly the position I’m sleeping in. It might also refer to a more abstract concept of my family or life situation.

May 20, 2024.

This is one of my rare events that I call a “high dream,” as it contains strong emotional content and deep spiritual meaning. I wake up feeling great!

I’m in a beautiful rural setting. A kind man is driving me in his pickup truck to see his farm in the high mountains. As we drive along the main street I see a few small stores and houses, but the remarkable thing is the swirling clouds high above the town. Through the clouds, as they are moving and parting, I can see very high mountains behind the town. Occasionally, I can catch a glimpse of dark green trees, or a person standing on top of the hills. Now I see a tall mountain and what looks like a dead tree outlined by darker green trees. This tree seems emblematic, like a cross, and as I look I see it’s not dead, but rather has straw-colored distinctive branches.

I get to the ranch house, and I’m talking with the owners who are showing me around. They are a very kind and welcoming Nordic couple, like Norwegian, with blond hair and blue eyes. We are sitting at a table. I feel they might be country folk, so I ask them if they like country music. I get a positive response so I tell them of an old country song I remember from long ago. I tell them it’s subtle but a bit sexy, and I sing the opening to them.

“Somebody’s knocking. Should I let him in?

Lord it's the devil, would you look at him!
I heard about him, but I never dreamed,
He'd have blue eyes and blue jeans!"

Not sure how they'd take such a suggestive verse, but I see tears running down the cheek of the man, and his wife says it really struck a positive chord with him.

Next, I see the grandmother running around the house. She is holding a large piece of cooked chicken. I joke with her. "Are you going to eat that whole thing? It's bigger than your head!" I hope I am not being too flippant and familiar with her, but it seems OK.

Now the mother is supervising her children as they make holes in the floor where the kids are planning to plant trees. I look at a few spots on their floor but then decide it might be better to plant a tree outside. I go outside with the wife and she asks what kind of tree I want to plant. I ask if they like fruit trees. I suggest a fig tree because the fruit is one of my favorites. She hands me a kiwi, which she has half peeled.

Still outside, I go exploring around the property. Again I can see huge mountains through the clouds. I wander down to a nearby lake. I take a downward-sloping walkway to the water line where there is a small bridge made with new reddish lumber. I look into the water to see if there are any fish. I find myself now in the water, but it's only about 3 inches deep. It's a little cold. I walk back up the sloping walkway and I examine it. The base is made of 2 by 6-inch planks, but the rails along the sides are just half-inch planks, which are too flimsy to be safe.

Now, I go into town to buy some fig tree plants or seeds. I get lost and cannot find my way back to the farm house. I'm riding a bike along the one main street. Now I see it's labeled Route 66. I have a guitar with me on the bike and I try to play it while I'm riding. I get a few notes out. It's one of those bikes you can ride with no hands on the handlebars. I see however that there are small ruts and potholes in the road which might be unsafe, so I cannot play the guitar. I ride up and down the main street and come to a train depot. I'm trying to find the road back to the farm, but it seems there are no side streets crossing the main road. I decide I can call the couple on my cell phone so they can come and rescue me. I can use the little train station as a landmark. I call them and tell them to pick my up and that I have a bicycle, so bring a pickup truck.

Comments:

I wake up with a sense of awe and joy, as this seems like a peek into heaven. I'm in the beginning stages of writing a book about all my spiritual readings and experiences. For this book, my 17th, I've decided to organize the references and quotations first. This has me reviewing and copying sentences from some of my favorite books, such as A Course in Miracles, authors such as Dolores Cannon, Gary Renard, and Neale Donald Walshe, and some new age ideas such as "Starseeds" and reincarnation. With all these thoughts running around in my head, I feel this provided the backdrop for this dream. There are a group of extraterrestrials called Nordics, and I'm wondering if this is what I encountered.

May 22, 2024.

Dream 1:

A man and a woman are roaming around a rural, somewhat barren area with a dress they have found. The people are normal, but the dress appears to be that of an aristocrat, a fancy, lacy white dress. The woman has one piece and the man another. The woman finds valuables sewn into the seams of the dress. The man is sitting in a trench-like depression in the earth, and he too finds money and gems sewn into the lower part of the skirt.

Dream 2:

I am looking at a dusty area in the dirt. There is a dead bug and a bee in this cavity. They are covered with debris and spider webs. I have the feeling that I can retrieve them, dust off the debris, and make a scientific display by mounting them with pins onto an information card.

May 23, 2024.

Dream:

I see a young woman sitting in a folding chair. She is wearing a loose-fitting dark blue dress. As she moves around, wiggling on the chair there are cuts and folds in the dress that briefly expose some private areas. Later, a different woman is in a similar chair. Her wrists are tied with rope in front of her.

Comment:

This seems like unconscious thoughts of voyeurism and light bondage.

May 25, 2024.

Dream:

I see a baby and I'm told that it's mine. I'm told there is some kind of bowel disease and the child is not expected to live very long. The baby – I think it's a boy – seems to be about 3 months old, but he is large and even a little chubby, maybe 12 to 15 pounds. He's wearing a diaper. I see him squirming a little bit and I think this might be from the illness the doctor told me about. I pick him up, feeling like this is my baby and that I'm going to take care of him. I feel the warmth of his cheek against mine. I wake up feeling the warmth of a pillow on my face.

May 27, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a class with just a few fellow students and one class master, as in a post-graduate program. We are supposed to turn in a writing assignment today. I didn't realize it was supposed to be just about 5 pages long. I turn in the quotations and reference sheets I've been working on and I hope that qualifies.

Comment:

In real life I am working on a book about spiritual matters. For this project I've decided to first get all the quotations and book references out of the way first, so I can just write quickly and get the quotations taken care of.

May 28, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a nursing station at the change of shift, where the outgoing nurses report to those coming on. It seems I've signed up with an agency to work a shift or two at the hospital. I remember taking a phone call where they asked me to "do a double," which means working two shifts in a row. I'm starting on the swing shift, so that would mean working at least 16 hours in a row and getting off in the early hours of the next day.

I feel like I simply cannot do it. I'm too old to work all through the night. I figure I'll have to talk to the agency and get out of this situation. The new shift supervisor is there and I have to tell her too. She is, however, a stern and grumpy older woman and I'm worried about the confrontation.

Comment:

I was a nurse a long time ago, way back in the 1970s. This is probably a fear from those days. But now I'm retired and way too old for this kind of work. Even at that younger age it was still pretty difficult to do a double shift. Nowadays, many nurses work 3 days a week, 36 hours and they get paid for a 40-hour work week. My granddaughter is now an RN and working the 12-hour days. I may be concerned for her sake, as doubling up on two shifts of 12 hours would be impossible.

May 29, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm on a beach in Southern California. It seems I've traveled there to get pictures of some shore birds for my bird-watching hobby. As I look around I do see many birds, several new species to add to my collection. I see gulls and eagles; a Bald Eagle and an eagle with a black crown. I also see a large penguin, which I know is rare, as it's not one I've seen in bird books. I'm excited to roam around the beach looking at the (for me) new exotic birds.

I remember I have to get my camera, but I cannot find it. I run back to my car and still cannot find it. My wife is there and she spots it and I feel relief.

Dream 2:

I'm in a living room with Donald Trump and another young blond girl. It seems Trump has a special mirror, which is really a portal to another dimension. I put my hand into it and see waves of visual distortions around my arm. Then I decide to put my whole head into it and I see into another worldly dimension. In that world, the colors are more vivid and you can move around at the speed of thought. I look into it and see a closet or pantry. There is a pale yellow tubular container on a shelf in the upper part of the pantry. I know that in this dimension I can move things with my mind: telekinesis. I make the container fall off the shelf and I grab it. Then I make it move back onto the shelf without touching it.

Now I'm back in the room with Trump and the young girl. We are all in bed together, but Trump is higher up in the bed and covered in a sheet. Me and the girl then are face to face. I think she likes me and we may have a thing going. But then Trump appears again and they kiss. Finally, she is back with me again. We peek out from under the sheets. It seems Trump keeps the magic mirror, the portal on a metal stand that is used to dry sheets or towels after washing them. It seems the portal mirror is really a thick burlap-type cloth that you have to stare at, or meditate on for it to transform into the mirror portal, and I do that.

Comments:

After I wake up I'm not sure if the second dream really came first, and staring at the portal cloth led to the first dream about going to the Southern California shore. In real life I'm an avid bird watcher. In this hobby the big accomplishment

is to get new species, in this case ocean and shore birds that I cannot find in the inland location where I live.

The dream with Trump and the dimensional portal is one of several comprising a series of dreams where Trump is not exactly my friend but we have interesting interactions. In some we are joking together, each acknowledging that we don't agree and yet we can work together. The portal to another dimension is another theme in my dreams and in my spiritual searching. The overriding principle in the spiritual dreams is that we have to forgive those we we don't like in waking life, as they are really part of our own self. In forgiving them, we forgive ourselves because they are a symbol of all the errors we have made in many past lives in many dimensions.

I often joke with my friends that Trump represents all the sins and errors I have ever made in past lives, on this and other planets, in this and other dimensions, all wrapped up and epitomized by the arrogant and self-serving Mr. Trump. This dream, however, seems to suggest that this "joke" may be more of a reality than I would want to admit! Ha, ha!

May 30, 2024.

Dream:

I'm taking a fun tour of book stores and college campuses to look for art work, student postings and events. This reminds me of my college days where the book store was filled with art, fliers, and notices. All interesting. It seems like it's a Saturday.

In one store, an old black man is singing behind the counter. I ask a mock question, as a joke: "Oh, did I just hear Nat King Cole?" The remark gets a laugh from others in the store.

I decide to drive home, and I pack my belongings in a box. However, I cannot find my phone. My wife is there and she discovers it. I'm driving home in an old, dilapidated car. I suddenly feel a breeze on my face and I realize car is a convertible and the cloth top has blown off. I look back and it has covered the windshield of the car behind me. I pull it off and drag it into my car. I continue driving

Comments:

I do enjoy the days in college, especially our book store, where all kinds of events and amateur artwork were found. The breeze on my face is a common real-world physical stimulus in my dreams, as the air conditioner fan sometimes goes off in the night, blowing on my face. I often pull the covers over my face, less than fully conscious, when this occurs.

May 31, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a hotel room, packing to go home from a long trip. We're going to take an Air France flight back. As I pack the suitcase I come across several things that I feel I can leave behind, such as items of clothing and little trinkets from my travels.

Comments:

This is yet another theme in my dreams, where I'm going on a trip or coming back from one. I'm guessing this has something to do with the soul's journey from the material world to the astral, or spiritual realms and back again. The leaving behind of clothing and souvenirs may represent the cares and distractions of the material world can be left behind once you go back "home."

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June 1, 2024

Dream: (?)*

I'm watching Jeopardy on TV. One of the contestants is reciting his answer and as he's speaking his finger is tracing across the (unseen) screen on his podium. It looks like he is reading a message on his screen, which would mean he is cheating. I become alarmed at this as it means the show is a fraud.

*Comments:

Sleep studies show that dreams generally occur during REM sleep, but also some so-called dreams are much more similar to waking thoughts. Scientists can tell the difference by monitoring the frequency of the brain waves of the dreamer. It is my opinion that some of my dreams, and most likely this one, is more like a semi-conscious waking thought and not the tapping into the subconscious mind that is the hallmark of genuine REM sleep dreams.

June 2, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a foreign country. It seems like Ukraine. I'm in a large room with many other people. They are planning how to respond to recent incursions by the Russian army into their north-east border. The mood in the room is somewhat grim, as the Russian threat is a strong one. Then suddenly, a local hero comes into the room and the crowd cheers his presence. He's planning to take two fellow volunteers deep into the occupied territory for some kind of mission.

I am one of the three people engaged in this dangerous mission. The other fellow is a young man. He's frightened over the threat of being killed. He's crying. I tell him not to worry.

Now the scared man and me are inside the occupied zone. I know I don't speak either Ukrainian nor Russian. I devise a plan where if we get caught that he will tell them I am a deaf mute, or retarded, or disabled in some way. I see a horse-drawn cart being pulled along a rural road. I'm wondering how that might be used to help our plan. I'm thinking I can hide something in my shoe. I am thinking of putting two pins into the heel of my shoe, and cover it up with an old Odor-Eater pad. If I pull one pin out, the heel of the shoe could be twisted to reveal a secret chamber. Or maybe somehow we could hide things among the foodstuffs and grains loaded onto the cart.

Comments:

This is a strange dream. I suspect it is a reflection of my sympathy for the Ukrainian people as they are being bullied and outmatched by their powerful neighbor. I wonder if somehow I'm tapping in to the sentiments of this nation as a victim a power-hungry dictator.

June 4, 2024.

Dream:

I meet a Hispanic couple. The wife is a little on the chubby side and the man is closer to normal. They are just leaving a large organization of some kind, where they were facing some kind of trouble. They invite me to a restaurant for a nice dinner as it was my birthday. We get in line and enter late into this long narrow room. It's hard to find a seat as most guests have taken the better seats. The woman finds 3 seats at the very rear of the room and we sit there. She then goes towards the front of the room to find a better location. This setting is more like a long, narrow banquet hall than a restaurant. She comes back holding and waving a loaf of Wonder Bread.

I too go up along the right side of the room looking at some empty seats. All the seats have long, narrow tables in front of them, I guess to hold drinks, but there is hardly any room for dinner plates. I look down and see a \$100 bill beneath a slip of paper. Then I see all the tables have these white slips of paper with large amounts of cash beneath them. They are the checks or receipts for the meal and the money is cash payments or maybe very large tips. Near the front I see a man connected with the restaurant. He is controlling a sound system. He has a camera. It occurs to me this is a rip-off site. The camera is for the man to take photos of all the guests in order to prove they were there. Just in case there is a dispute over the inflated bill. I feel uneasy and want to get out of there.

I'm wondering if should go to an ATM to get more money out. Or, if I'm really being cheated out of a lot of money, if I can sue the organization that this couple belonged to. I go again to the back of the room. I do not see the Hispanic couple any more. They may have left and set me up to be robbed. As I walk towards the back I see another man in the corner and he's picking up the microphone to start some kind of ceremony. I sneak out the door but other employees try to block me with vehicles, obstacles, and guards, but I get away, feeling lucky to escape.

I wake up for a minute in the night to tend to a whining cat. When I get back to bed the same dream continues.

This time I'm in the same banquet hall, but it's been reformed. No more crowded seats and now staffed by friendlier people. There are four of us, I think two men and two women. We are seated at a normal sized square table. The bill comes to

\$119, which seems reasonable. I leave the room, and while there I still see some obstacles to getting out of the parking area, I do make it out safely.

Comments:

The evening before this dream I was watching the results of the election in Mexico. The contest was between two women, one slim Jewish woman and another Mexican woman who was on the chubby side. In my mind, Mexico has a long history of corruption, and I am hoping the thinner woman, Claudia Sheinbaum, wins, as this might mitigate the corruption. The heavier woman, Xochitl Galvez, may be the subject of the dream and the fear of her winning. I don't quite understand the significance of the second part of this dream. Perhaps, even if Galvez had won, she too may have been able to make the country, the banquet hall, more democratic. In other words, I should not have judged her or her intentions.

June 5, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a rural setting, in a country house. I'm going to see a girlfriend. She's about 20 years old. I have sex on my mind, but she's with her younger sister, and I want some alone time. It seems the two girls have some kind of play enclosure, like a tent that they can adjust the size so it contracts from about 6-foot high and 5-foot wide to a rigid envelope that can squeeze them tightly. It's like a thin-walled rigid envelope made of canvas, only a little larger than a sleeping bag. It seems the squeezing is like a light form of bondage and can be sexually stimulating for them. I, however, want to be alone with my girlfriend. (Someone I don't know in real life.) I'm finally alone with her and she's taking off her top, but now there's no interest in sex, and no action.

June 7, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high in the sky, looking down at a big river in a heavily wooded area. It may even be a jungle. There is a large L-shaped turn in the river. In the inner corner of the L-turn there is a huge cliff, composed of a sheer rock drop down to the water, but even here it is mostly covered in trees. I zoom down to ground level, and it seems a dog is lost in this remote area. I want to rescue him.

Suddenly (and very oddly) the dream is interrupted by a video. It's almost like "We interrupt this dream to bring you a special bulletin." The video shows a man of about 50 years of age. He's got a white beard and bald on top, sitting in a leather easy chair.. He's angry and complaining about some woman who did something he didn't like.

Comments:

When I wake up, the issue of the lost dog and the angry man remain unresolved. This is a very unusual occurrence, to have one dream interrupted by another. I feel there is significance to this message, but I cannot fathom what it is. The only hint I get is that the lost dog may represent nature in the real world that needs to be tended to, rescued, but events in the political arena are taking our/my attention away from the needs of the planet.

This is yet another example where I'm flying high in the sky, then zoom down to events on the earth. I'm wondering if such dreams are what is known as Astral Plane travel.

June 8, 2024.

Dream:

I'm looking at the side of a man's head. There seems to be six holes, or blemishes in the hair on the side of his head. These are areas where there is no hair. Each mark is skin colored but with no hair.

The view then changes and it's really six men, each with one hole. It then switches back to one man with six marks. I get the message "You can heal this with your mind." I feel the power of these words and one by one the blemishes disappear.

Comments:

In this nebulous world of dreams the perception is of six men with one mark each, but it merges and blends simultaneously with one man and six marks. In real life I do have several tiny dry spots that I sometimes need to add skin lotion to. The message says it all. I can clear this up with just mind power.

Update October 6, 2024: I saw a dermatologist soon after this and was treated for some kind of keratosis. Healed now.

June 9, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a car with other people. We are driving through a town in rural Russia. The town is known for its statue of Putin, and many Russian and other travelers stop there to pay tribute to him. We, however, being foreigners, don't stop there. The police there take notice of this snub. They come to question us as we stop at a hotel in another city further west. We stay in a different room so the officers cannot find us. There I'm thinking about eating a vegetarian diet. I see a dirty Russian boy and I brush the dirt off him.

Dream 2:

I'm in a large auditorium. It seems like a boxing arena. I'm in competition with a young boy and he prevails, not by superior strength but by sheer mental reasoning and logic. I am actually happy that his mental processes prevailed,

even though it meant my defeat. I pull him close to me and raise his arm, as now he is the champion. The crowd cheers.

Comments:

The second dream repeats a theme from yesterday, that the power of the mind is mighty.

June 10, 2024.

Dream:

I'm working in a factory. All my co-workers are friendly. We are like family. We are also in a church. One young couple is divorcing and we try to help them financially by showing them how to make money selling cookies and candy. There is a ship sinking. Several people try to save a family on board the boat.

Comments:

This seems to be a vague recollection of an obscure dream. Yet, there is a theme of groups helping other people.

June 11, 2024.

Dream 1:

We have a cat that is sick and has to be put down. I don't want to do it. There is a lot of anxiety and resistance.

Dream 2:

I'm in a large room, I can see things telescopically with great clarity. I zoom in on one table where a young couple was playing ping-pong. Now they are gone. I seem to understand they went off together for some private time.

June 12, 2024.

HIGH dream:

I'm at a large tech company. I used to work there and now I'm back. It seems, however, that there are no computers available. All the computers were requisitioned to supply a special class that the company is holding for important participants. I'm wondering if I should even stay there, as there is no way for me to get any work done.

I decide to go look for the class. They say it's being held on a boat in the river, but looking out the window I see only small boats and these are barely sea worthy vessels, as they are swaying around on the river. Somehow, I find the class anyway. I enter and see it's an academic setting for experts in the field, like a post-grad workshop for students led by accomplished teachers. One of the teachers, a tall man about 30 years old invites me to his apartment on campus.

I walk with him and two others to his on-campus apartment, saying he has a dog he wants to see. I'm wondering if he's genuine or just a gay man trying to pick me up. The other two followers, though, seem to suggest this professor is legitimate. This is reaffirmed as he opens his front door and I see a large gathering of intelligent people. His dark-haired Jewish wife is most gracious in greeting and introducing everyone. The professor turns to introduce me, saying I am "the California Chairman of the Republican Party." I'm quite surprised, because in reality I am at the opposite side of the political spectrum. So now I'm wondering if I should even be there, as it seems under false pretenses.

I see two girls sitting on a sofa, and I want to explain my dilemma to them, and asking if I should stay and confess or leave the gathering. The girl I sit next to has blond hair and is beautiful, except perhaps for a long nose. She reminds me of Lisa Des Jardin from PBS TV. I am explaining the situation to her. She is just inches from my face and I see how lovely she is. I say "I need to explain something to you."

She replies, "Oh that I love you!" I'm pleasantly surprised but I begin to describe the situation to her and the dark haired girl sitting on the other side of her. Out of the corner of my eye, I see the professor, and he has his head in one hand, smiling, which suggests he approves of me staying. At the same time the two girls also confirm that I should stay. I want to stay because judging from the

quality of the guests I know that I could have some deep, meaningful discussions. I feel much better, but when I look again at the two girls they are further away from me, more distant psychologically. Still, I want to talk to the blonde girl, although her hair is now a bit darker. See **Figure 2**.

Figure 2. Professor and his wife welcome me into their home.



Comments:

I wake up feeling elated and hopeful. My childhood, in Brooklyn, NY, was marked by poverty. This left me with a deep-rooted lack of self esteem, a feeling of being unworthy. It wasn't until success in high school and college that I began to shed this lack of confidence. Again, with a lift in my financial status, working in Silicon Valley, I started to overcome that negative self-evaluation. This dream seems to encourage me to join the intellectual community as worthy of their company. At the same time, I feel there is a strong spiritual message in the dream, as there is a draw to engage in deep, meaningful conversations with people who have investigated ethical, moral, and spiritual ideas.

June 13, 2024

Personal dream:

The doorbell rings and when I open the door I see it's my mother. I'm surprised, because the visit seems so real. As she comes in I whisper to my wife that this is important, because "she died in 1995."

She stands there smiling, as if to let me have a good look at her. She appears young, about age 35. She comes in and sits on the couch. My sister L. is there, and they sit next to each other. Lots of joy and surprise. A vivid experience.

Comments:

I've had "dreams" like this before, where a deceased person comes to visit. It's very comforting and life affirming, as it seemed so real. I believe she came to comfort me, as the night before my car broke down and engine warning light came on. I was worried. It turned out to be just a battery replacement, so I believe the message was two-fold: That everything will be OK, and that she is really there is spirit.

June 14, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a rural area with lots of trees. There is some kind of celebration going on. Two women are being honored for their contributions to a community church. They step onto short pedestals, about 8-inches high, stepping up and receiving applause from the audience.

June 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm on a lunch break with three fellow workers. They are all Black and I'm a White guy. We all get along well, but I feel it's time I bring up the race issue. I want to hear how they feel about this difficult issue, and since we all get along and I feel it's a safe environment to bring up the topic.

Trouble is, I introduce the discussion with the wrong opening. I say something along the lines of how difficult it is to obey all the new, modern "rules" of speech, like addressing queer or non-binary folks with the right pronoun, such as using "they" or "them" instead of "she" or "him." Anyway the conversation never really got off the ground. One fellow did complain about having financial trouble because of his erratic work history. In the end, however, we really never got into a thorough discussion.

June 17, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm waiting in a long, double wide line of people, all waiting for advice on their guitar. There's a fat man in the line and he lets me ahead of him. He asks me what I'm looking for. I don't remember what I said, but the next thing I know is that he and I are in a small theater with a stage and open area for chairs or dancing. The fat man gets up on the stage and he draws this elaborate and colorful circular painting, like a mandala with 5 or 6 main sections. One is blue and green with many shades in between. Another is shades of beige and gray. A third is browns and yellows, etc. Each section has both the shades of colors and various images, like a tree. As the man moves his fingers across patterns various sounds come out, as if he's playing a guitar or keyboard. Then he pulls out a brass whistle and I hear trumpet and horn sounds, and it's all beautiful and harmonizing with the guitar and organ sounds. There is a strong feeling that I want to learn what that is, how to get it and practice making music with it.

Dream 2:

I'm inside a small retail store and I feel like I'm being stalked or followed. It seems to be in a third-world country. One young man is following me and I have to stay alert in case he tries to attack me, but I'm very vigilant and there's no problem so far. I am still wandering the streets in this small town and feel it's unsafe. Another man, or several men begin to follow me, but I turn the tables on them, throwing them into a paper bag and then covering them with a black blanket, so I have them neutralized and immobilized inside this package.

I take a knife and punch holes in the bag so he/they can breath. I think at times it's one man, but then possibly several. I collect all the knives I have gathered from them. A young black boy takes one of the knives and places it blade-up in the sand. I walk away then go back to retrieve my wallet. I leave \$6 with the man who is now subdued, a \$5 bill and a single dollar. I give the same \$6 to the little black boy who assisted me. I see a woman with a baby carriage. I help her carry the carriage up the stairs. At the top I see a path through a bushy area where I can leave the dangerous parts of the city.

Comments:

The first dream seems to capture the fascination I have in real life with art and

music. In the dream the mandala symbolizes all the connections and universality of beautiful creations and how they all work together in harmony.

The second dream seems to be a theme of being surrounded by danger. I do see that in most cases I can counteract and neutralize the threat, even helping those who tried to hurt me. Despite the threats, I feel like this is showing me a spiritual solution to the difficulties of living in this ungodly world.

June 20, 2024; First day of Summer.

Dream:

I'm in a classroom which doubles as a theater. The teacher is leading a class and turns to introduce one student's recital or report. I find myself near the rear door of the classroom. There's only a thin black curtain between the classroom and the outside world. I kind of stumble out into the street. The professor is there and sees me, calling me "Beauty." I'm pleased with that nickname, as if I'm one of the teacher's pets.

He urges me to come back into the classroom, as there is going to be another recital and he wants me to see it. Now, however, the place is jammed with too many students and I struggle to fit in. Besides, there is another woman behind me and she is trying to squeeze in also.

Comments:

I wake up with too many pillows pressed against me, which is probably the physical stimulus for the end of that dream, where I'm crowded by other students. I've had several dreams lately about teachers. These may be my spirit guides.

June 22, 2024.

Dream:

I'm sleeping in deep corner of a lower room inside a nice castle. The marble floor is smooth and cool. There are four people seated at a table above where I am sleeping. I stretch my arm out and it inadvertently touches the leg of one of the residents, a woman with blue jeans on.

June 23, 2024.

Dream 1:

It feels like I'm floating high in the air, looking down on a hilly landscape covered with lush green trees. It seems like I'm in Asia somewhere. Looking down I see a clearing in the trees. It looks like a statue – a bell-shaped monument with a point at the top. On closer inspection I see it's made up of the bodies of several monks in some kind of memorial sculpture, only it's an intricately interwoven pattern of these monk bodies. I understand that they are giving, or have already given their lives to this religion. I feel like I'm one of them.

(Similar beginning to dream of June 7.)

Dream 2:

I'm in a hospital setting, helping to set up a sterile environment for a doctor. It seems to be in preparation for a vaginal exam. I carry a small container of rubber finger covers for the exam. There are 4 or 5 of them in a box covered with a stretchy plastic cover, like you'd find on a bowl of food. The stretchy cover snaps off, and one of the finger covers flops onto the sterile setting. But both the box of finger covers and the setting are sterile, so there is no problem. The doctor wants to know who is going to do the exam. I tell him, "I'm not ready for that yet." He jokes that I must not need the money, suggesting this is part of my training.

June 24, 2024.

Dream:

There's a movie star with short black hair working in a dialysis center – probably for a movie. She arrives with a large entourage and lots of fanfare, even like a parade. I want to watch the proceedings, but I have to go to the bathroom. I search all around, even in other buildings, but all the men's rooms are filthy.

Comments:

I don't know what the star in the dialysis movie is, but I was once training to be a dialysis nurse. It was rough and I quit because if you press the wrong button the patient dies instantly. It was too much stress for me. The bathroom search is a common theme when I'm even the least bit constipated. (I know – Too much information!)

June 25, 2024.

Dream 1:

There is a small village in what seems like Europe. The villagers have made a map and kept a record of some kind of event. It may have been a UFO, though they didn't have such words in the distant past. There are four family names in one corner of the document, most likely the eye-witnesses.. The first one is LACH, Jos & Ana. I cannot remember the other 3 names.

Comment:

There is a common name of LACH from the border area of Ukraine and Poland.

Dream 2:

I'm on a road somewhere in Europe. There is an old Muslim woman dressed all in black. She is offering me 3 small beans or pods to eat, but I don't trust her and refuse to take them. Later, she approaches me again with 3 beans and an old bruised banana. She reaches out with what looks like a child's small hand. Again I refuse to take the food offering.

Comment:

Not sure what this is all about; perhaps some dietary advice.

Dream 3:

I'm visiting a prison, possibly Folsom Prison which is near where I live. It seems they are having an open house where tourists can visit. I am walking around taking in the sites. It occurs to me that inmates could simply walk down a staircase and try to escape out the front gate. As I go to leave there are several guards watching the visitors as they leave, in order to prevent inmates from escaping. I'm not afraid, as I know I'm a free civilian. After passing the main guard, however, I'm called into a small room off the main entrance. Here, female prison workers are performing a second screening. I sit down next to two black female workers and we start talking. She sees my camera and places it on the table for safe keeping, but then she covers it with a black blanket. I go to leave and the camera is missing. I'm upset. I feel this is going to be a major headache to try to get my camera back. I have a thought of stealing something of value from the prison just to get my money back. Then I think, no, that wouldn't be right either. The camera costs about \$2,500, and the extra telephoto lens about

the same. I feel a little relief that I was carrying the standard lens, so the telephoto lens was still safe at home.

Comment:

I recently acquired quality camera with help from my brother. After my car, it's probably the most expensive item I own and I love it. This dream is probably a reflection of my fear of losing or damaging the camera.

June 26, 2024.

Dream 1:

There are several people, each inside large round rollers, like individual cubicles, but being round they are turning and rolling over each other, like in a big printing press. The impression is that time itself is moving faster.

Comment:

I see this as individuals, in their own little universes, are coming out of their shells, so to speak, in a move towards unity. The big "event" may be approaching.

Dream 2:

I'm on a road trip with Nick and Char. We are driving up into the mountain around Lake Tahoe. Nick has his camper van, and he takes out a metal detector, as he wants to search for things up in the mountains. It seems I have a detector too but I forgot to bring it on this trip. We settle into a small town where hippies, gays, and wanna-be performance artists are all doing their thing. One is shouting and I avoid him. Another is in a black and white costume and he seems to have nowhere to go.

My wife and I find ourselves in a crowded theater with Trump lecturing the crowd. He seems to be spewing gibberish and starts crooning old, incomprehensible songs. He's wearing clear, frameless glasses. I'm totally bored and want to get out of there. As I leave Trump encounters me and begins talking about a poster on the wall; about 2 policemen who got in trouble. I pretend to agree with him and then remember the incident from the news. I say something nonjudgmental, like "Well, it's complicated." But then I do remember it and it's not that complex. I start riding back down the mountains heading home. I'm

thinking I hope Char, my wife, has a way to get back, but then I remember Nick is up there with her with his van.

Comment:

Lately, I'm finding a lot of peace not listening to or caring about the turmoil that Trump is creating. He just seems to be a whining ego-tripper.

June 28, 2024.

Dream:

I'm laying down on a cool marble floor. I'm in a building and I know that there is a gangster or terrorist living there. I see a middle-aged woman who I know lives with him. She has dyed reddish hair, but her gray roots are showing. She is walking up the stairs where the gangster lives. I realize she is part of a kind of family there. "You love him, don't you?" I ask.

I'm in a casino and I've just won \$600. It seems to be a well known fact that you can double your money if you work with some young girl who is a subordinate to a loan shark. She offers to double my money. Again, I win \$800 this time, and another girl comes to make the offer, but I wonder how I know if she doesn't just disappear with the money, so I decline the offer.

Comments:

The first dream seems to show that there is love even in dark places. Not sure what the second dream means.

June 30, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm a delivery person riding a bicycle. I'm delivering a thin leather pouch that has a bird or small animal inside. While I'm riding the creature eats through the bottom of the bag and escapes.

Dream 2:

I'm doing things with my brother Dave, moving from place to place. His slim blonde girlfriend is traveling with us. She is wearing a different, beautiful dress in each scene. In one scene she bends down a little and I can look down her dress to her half-exposed boobs. I'm hoping I can get a glimpse of her nipples.

Dream 3:

I'm working late in a school or hospital of some kind. It seems the school or work day is over, but in the building there are some late classes for special needs. In one such room, some young, retarded girls are learning life skills. Some of them are naked or topless, but they are under-age and there is no sexual attraction. One girl has just developed boobs and I'm wondering why they don't put a bra on her. Still wandering the halls I feel there is a temptation to meet a normal young girl who wants to flirt with me.

I realize it's late and I should be getting home. I leave the building wondering where I parked my car. I think I parked it at a university a couple blocks to the north-west. I'm wondering why I parked it there as there is plenty of parking around the hospital.

July, 2024

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July 1, 2024.

Dream:

I'm visiting my brother Rob (deceased). He has a new sporty car, a brilliant blue with long triangular fins on the back fenders, something like the 1957 Ford Fairlane, **Figure 3**. He's getting an update, a special embossing stamp on one of the fins as some kind of award.

Figure 3. Old car with fins.



After Nap:

My brother Dave and I are driving around together. He's in a car and I'm on a motorcycle. Somewhere near a sea shore I see a bunch of large birds walking at the top of a rock breakwater. I have my telephoto lens with me and I want to drive there to get some pictures. I find myself on a long, paved two lane highway going through a flat, featureless area. Off in the distance I can see the outline of a gambling casino that is not too far from where I live, but it is too far to drive when I'm supposed to be with Dave. I turn around, then, and head back. On the way I see a small lunch stand. Dave has ordered something. I want him to take the dog that we have seen into his car, as I couldn't take it on the bike. I order some kind of hot cheese sandwich. I wait outside on my bike and look in. Two cooks look back as if they don't know what I'm waiting for. I repeat my order. They tell me that Dave has already left. I head out again to meet him.

July 2, 2024.

Dream:

I'm playing with puzzles, like cryptograms and word puzzles. I'm thinking of starting some kind of YouTube channel to display my works. Somehow, I get the impression that doing this successfully involves clearing jams in the system, and I get the analogy of unclogging the wads of paper in my paper shredder. After using the paper shredder for a while, bits of mangled paper get caught up in the gears. I have to go under the grinding parts and pull out the jams with a needle-nosed pliers or a screw driver. Posting solutions to word games would seem to involve the same kind of maintenance the paper shredder requires.

July 3, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm on trial for something. Not sure what. I have some free time to respond to the prosecutor.

I construct a make-shift figure out of found materials and shape it into the form of someone giving the middle finger to the prosecutor.

Dream2:

I'm on a long drive for a shopping trip with my son. His dog is with us. We are traveling across a wide expanse of grassy hills. The entrance to the shopping area is a series of portals or stairways in the ground. When we get down there we see it's all cheap Christmas junk, like fake trees, ornaments, and wrapping paper. I tell him we should get out of there, as it's all cheap crap.

When we go to up the surface, to a grassy area, we see two of his dogs off in the distance and we call them to return with us. They do come running.

Comment:

The grassy hill country is most likely a fragment of my thoughts after watching an episode of "All Creatures, Great and Small" on TV last night. Not sure what the Christmas shop is all about.

July 5, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large restaurant with several friends and strangers. We are partnering off to see who will sit at the same table. I'm hoping in the back of my mind that whoever sits with me might become a romantic partner. I end up with stepson Nick and his friend. As we are ordering, Nick becomes intolerant and doesn't want to sit at the same table as me based on what I ordered for the meal. So, I'm looking around at other tables and who I might sit with. There is a middle-aged woman a few tables away who, like Nick, is troubled by her table-mates order and is walking away. I'm thinking I should sit with her and have a long talk in which I might bring some peace of mind to her. In other words, talk about spiritual matters and interpersonal connections.

Comments:

This is a growing theme in my dreams and my personal life. Instead of seeking a "special relationship," as A Course in Miracles describes it – an ego-driven self interest, I'm seeing another opportunity, more spiritual, where I can be instrumental in fostering the unity of all mankind by the recognition that we are all children of God.

July 6, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in the back yard with Char, my wife. This is a big construction project there, but the yard is different. The soil is rich and moist and verdant. The construction folks are digging a huge hole. I understand she wants to put in a large swimming pool, maybe 10 by 15 feet. I think she's crazy, because she has never liked swimming pools or swimming. She says, "Yeah, but it will increase the value of our home."

My brother Joe and his wife walk into our house for a visit. I'm glad to see them all. My brother Richie is there too, and I say hello to him but he doesn't respond. I also see my brother Billy, and he's about 14 years old. We are joking and laughing.

Joe asks me if he and his family can stay at our house for a couple of days. Char is totally opposed to this. I think a better idea is to just pay for a hotel for them for a few nights. I offer to pay \$200 for this. Meanwhile, Joe has brought with him a bunch of cardboard boxes with his stuff. It's stored in an area where a

killing recently took place. We hire some movers to put the boxes on a cart to truck them away. The movers are very friendly and I thank them for their support.

July 10, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in Manhattan, at my old college. I'm taking a class with two professors that I know from way back when. It's a witty and fun class about literature and art. It's held in a room, but it's open to the outside too. I sit down to hear the first lecture, not sure if I actually registered for the class, but I decide to stay anyway. I keep getting distracted by other students, chatting in conversation. I miss much of the class, even as I wonder if I can do this. I live in Staten Island and it's a long commute and not sure my wife would want me out every week. I'm thinking I could go bird watching while I'm here, that is after class, as I have a spotting scope or possibly a large, light-weight camera. There are two black guys in the class and they want to check out the camera. I let them, but then I'm afraid they will take off with it. The camera does eventually get back to me.

I'm at the coast of the ocean or possibly the Hudson River watching birds and the landscape, and city buildings on the far shore. I see an odd bird. On closer inspection it's in the shape of flying ghost: a funny face, long white body and a trailing tail. I guess it's some kind of flying robot from a research facility in the area. There's a girl next to me. She explains that the research center has several such drones that they fly around on the river for experimentation purposes. I see the other variations of this type of drone on the back of a boat.

Comments:

Several recent dreams include college teachers. These might be spirit guides, or, with the school setting, that this is a lesson for me. The camera/telescope device reflects my recent fascination with photography, especially now that I have a good telephoto lens. The drone sightings felt magical in the dream, knowing something extraordinary is going on and that appearances can be deceiving.

July 11, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at my back yard. In the center is the garden area. Much of the usual plants seem to be missing, replaced by fresh water cottontails, and a flock of Red-winged Blackbirds. As a group, they lift off the cottontails and land on the patio of our back porch.

Dream 2:

I'm at home and I come to understand that our street is having an impromptu block party. We don't have a permit, but members of the block are closing off the entrance to the street with their cars. The block is lined with many cars, some decorated and some pulling trailers with boats behind them. I go out to join the festivities. Across the street and to the right is another lawn or patio. Some people are gathering to provide music. One lady brings an organ from her home and I want to help her play it.

She recognizes me, indicating that we once were members of a play where we were dressed up as monkeys. I vaguely recall this event.

The organ is just a kind of home-brew or personal organ, and it has only five or six keys on the keyboard. I cannot figure out how to play anything other than single notes, no chords. Someone from the church, an organist, is there and he is trying to see how it works too. Apparently, there is a set of separate keys on the top panel of the organ. I look into these slots where the other keys are located. They look like a set of brass knuckles on each side and to play the chord harmonics of the note being played on the small main keyboard you squeeze the blue switches inside the knuckle holes by depressing a rounded blue trigger, the first one for the 3rd of the note being played on the main keyboard. The second plays the 5th, and the third the 7th, etc. It's too complicated and I never actually get to make music with it.

Comments:

The first dream is a wee bit worrying, as black birds are often an omen of an upcoming death. Yet this is a common sight in my bird-watching hobby. They often are found in areas by a pond. They are beautiful birds with a melodious song.

The second dream reflects a block party we recently had on the street where we live. The organ is an instrument I would love to learn. The dream suggests there is a lot to learn in mastering the organ.

July 12, 2024.

Dream:

I'm floating high up in the sky, looking down on a hilly, wooded area. There's a small town by a river down there and I zoom down to take a look. It's an old, rural house. I go into the barn and see several bottle caps and jar lids nailed to the side of an indoor opening, like a window. I get the feeling I want to get a claw hammer and remove them.

Comments:

I've had several high-flying dreams lately; wondering if they are some kind of astral projection.

July 15, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm a Customs Inspector returning from a long trip, an assignment overseas. I'm happy to be coming back home, but I myself have to pass through Customs to re-enter the country. Fortunately, the Inspector who is assigned to me learns that I too am an employee of the government, and he gives me a free pass, without even inspecting my luggage. He laughs along with me and I feel safe.

Dream 2:

I'm painting over a real life landscape. I'm using a can of white spray paint to make a bush look like it has an artificial corner in the middle to make it look oddly 3-dimensional.

Comments:

In dream 1 I'm wondering if that refers to the end of my assignment on this difficult planet. And all my "luggage" is forgiven. I once worked as a Customs Inspector in New York City. The second dream refers to my use of photo-editing software to alter reality. I call it PhotoShop play, although I use a software package called PaintShop Pro, which is much cheaper.

July 16, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see Russian trucks filled with armaments and war materials. I realize Russia is supplying other countries with weapons to fight their “proxy wars.” This way Russia can expand its empire by supplying rebels and militias to overthrow democracies. They gain “plausible deniability” so Russia avoids the blame for aggressive warfare.

Dream 2:

I’m planning a trip to a large amusement park. It seems I went there the day before to enjoy myself and take lots of photographs. Yesterday, many of us in the crowd were picked up by government mail trucks to transport us to the amusement park. People were crowding and pushing as they were so eager to board the trucks. A child even squeezed between my legs to get ahead of the crowd. Today, however, I’m thinking of taking my own car, so I can go and come back whenever I please.

My brother Joe is there, and he may want to join me at the amusement park. He is young, maybe 15-years old and we hug each other, laughing. I put my arm around him as we are walking. I say, “People thought I was a real nerd when I was a kid.”

Comments:

The second dream is perhaps another omen of ending my journey on this planet. The reconciliation with Joe, a MAGA Republican, while I’m more of a leftist Democrat. Again, in recent dreams this one suggests that this “world is a stage,” and we are all brothers in the afterlife. All is forgiven.

July 18.

Dream:

I’m in a store. I’m having difficulty trying to buy soap for a bath house. It seems the right kind of soap or packaging is not available. I walk down the hall to the outside. A young woman is trying to sell a pickup truck with just 3 tires.

July 20, 2024.

Dream1:

I suddenly have the idea that, as I wake up, that this exact moment is the time of the full moon for July. (Actually it's July 21 about 6:00 AM.)

Dream 2:

I'm at a big restaurant. A big banquet is going on. It includes a large group of friends, possibly from one large family, or maybe a corporate event. It goes on all day, including a lunch, then a dinner, then dancing in the evening. There are many Asian people there.

I leave to go pick up my wife and bring her to the event. She wants to ride on my bicycle, standing on the rear axle, but then I decide taking the car is much better. When we get there it's almost dinner time. It seems most of the guests at the affair have gone home and are not expected back. Other diners, not associated with the event, have filled the tables. I'm sitting at a table with my son, his (Asian) wife, and his wife's sister. There is also another young girl there of Chinese descent, but not sure who she is. An Asian gentleman from another table comes over and is talking to the young woman, as they seem to know each other. Char and I decide to leave as the main event seems to be over.

July 22, 2024.

Dream:

I'm among a group of slaves picking watermelons. We have to carry the melons to a small box about the size of a picnic cooler. We place the melon in this box and it weighs, measures, and sorts the melon by size and ripeness. Some of the workers are blindfolded but they can sometimes gain a peek of the surroundings by looking above or below the blindfold. These workers are not Black. Besides the watermelons, there are supervisors overlooking my files and photographs. There is a suggestion that I have too many files filled with photographs.

July 23, 2024.

Odd dream:

I seem to be at work at some kind of art factory. We are making T-shirts. There is a strange procedure involved. We put the shirts into a machine that scrunches them up into the size of a piece of toast. Then we put it into a toaster that somehow splits it in two, or at least divides the printed message on the shirt into two halves with a line down the middle.

The printed message on the T-shirt has to be designed so that a) reading left to right the sentence makes sense; b) reading up and down, each half comprises a compete sentence, also making sense. Finally the message reading up and down on the one side can be contradictory to the message on the other side, and also related to the entire message reading left to right. (See example, **Figure 4.**)

Half waking up, I see the potential for such a design idea that may be going to make me a fortune. Ha, ha!

Figure 4. Puzzle poem idea for a T-shirt.



July 25, 2024.

Dream:

I'm working in a hospital. As I walk down the hall I see a couple of nurses engaging with patients who have urinary tract problems. One rather nice looking nurse is asking them about their medical histories. I stand to the side watching this. One of the odd treatments is that they are supposed to drink their own urine. I see a big tub of it on the counter. Although it seems repulsive, I take a cup myself and drink it. I'm thinking maybe the acid in the urine is good for digestion or something.

Later, I'm at the nursing station and I know I'm working there, but my medical skills are rusty. I talk with a doctor and several nurses, all in blue scrubs. I'm looking around, trying to find that attractive nurse again, so I can talk with her.

August, 2024

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August 1, 2024

Dream:

I'm in space somewhere, in a house that is orbiting the earth. I see there are other spacecraft near by, some sleek, curved airships that are white and very modern. They carry only a few passengers. There are larger ships around than can hold more people. I feel like these ships can be rented or hired, so you can go on them any time you like.

I'm with a group of young men. They seem to be preparing for a battle, but I don't know if it's a game or real conflict. They have wooden swords. I tell them how they can buy pre-cut squares of plywood and you can use them to make a shield by adding a handle to one side.

August 4, 2024.

Dream:

I seem to be at a gathering of spiritual people. They are psychic and angelic. I am one of them and I'm demonstrating my ability to levitate. I float down from the second floor of the building to the first. There is a very beautiful angelic figure there who has much experience. She has made some kind of creation in a large vase. It includes white pellets on the outside and in the center some darker pellets that are supposed to bloom and provide food.

I use my psychic powers to lift up all the elements in the vase and let them settle down again. I feel this will speed up the process, but the girl is upset that I'm messing with her creation. I'm sorry that I upset her. Looking closer I see how beautiful she is with light brown hair with bangs. Her hair is just straight enough, with a slight curve, that the hair, in random yet awesome disarray, forms a sort of halo or veil around her head. I'm thinking I sure would like to have a long discussion with her. There is another woman there with black hair. It seems we had a past relationship. She leaves, and I'm thinking now I can talk with the brown-haired angel.

Comment:

This is another recurrent theme in my dreams: meeting angelic or extraterrestrial entities, and showing off my ability to levitate.

August 6, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm watching a dog racing and he crashes into a wall. Somehow I feel the dog is me. I expect to analyze the wreckage to find out what happened.

Dream 2:

I'm a nurse administrator – a new job in a hospital. I feel I haven't worked as a nurse for a long time and I'm not sure what I'm doing. I decide to leave, but I cannot abandon the post until some other officer can take over, so he can answer phones and take care of staff. I leave the job and go on to another nursing post.

Comments:

First dream, I suspect, results from watching "Air Disasters" on TV, where they analyze what caused an aircraft crash.

The second dream seems to be a recurring theme. I was a nurse a long time ago, in the 1970s. I just renewed my license, but I have no intentions of getting back into that kind of work. I suspect this may be a reference to myself as some kind of healing role.

August 7, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm at my ex-wife's house. My son is there with several friends. It seems they have fixed up and modernized the place and it looks great. Several of these young people are wandering around the unit in the back. I see a very beautiful young lady in a silky blue dress. I am immediately attracted to her.

Dream 2:

I'm in a factory or workshop that is making very colorful flat disks as decorations. They are about 10 inches in diameter and look like crystal or bright patterns. There is a conveyor belt moving them along. They are like mandalas and are getting coated in resin or plastic, or possibly glass. They are moving slowly along on the conveyor belt, supposedly drying or curing. Suddenly a quarter coin zooms ahead on the belt, moving between the disks like a speeding sports car weaving through traffic.

August 8, 2024.

Dream:

I'm staring at a large rock, about 18 inches long and 12 inches wide. It's round and looks like it was extruded from a die, or perhaps a stump of petrified wood, as one end is wider at the bottom, where the veins are wider. It is streaked with fine grooves. That is, except the stone is polished and has different colors, mostly veins of blue and green. The high polish gives it an appearance of being a gem of some sort with an almost silvery sheen. I keep looking at the stone, fascinated by it. The dream goes on to something else, but the stone appears again at the end. I wake up having no idea what it means.

August 11, 2024.

Dream:

I'm attending my weekly ukulele group, but it's being held at someone's house. The host is a woman friend of mine. She doesn't seem to mind that people are just gathered around talking and no one is starting the musical part.

I realize I didn't bring my ukulele, so it's of no use for me to stay there. I do have a music CD and I put that into a player to get the mood going. I go into the room and there is a large, round table with women around it. They are discussing

things and there's no hint of music. I ask the two women to my left what meeting this is. One of them leans closer to me. She is super cute and sexy. She whispers "Lust." It's a 12-step type meeting for those who are addicted to sex, or lust.

I excuse myself from the meeting saying I'm in the wrong room. I'm thinking, wow, I sure would like to be in that group and meet that woman. That is, exactly the opposite of the goals of the group. I go back out to the room where the ukulele meeting is taking place. Again, I just want to leave quietly without saying goodbye.

I wander through the house and I cannot find the front door. There are a lot of children there and one of them finally leads me to the front entrance. As I go outside, I cannot find my car. I have the key fob in my hand. By pressing it I can make the car beep its horn. I do this several times to try to locate my car. There is landscaping construction on the street and I suspect they moved my car so that they can have access to the front lawns where the construction sites are. I come to one steep cliff where they are digging a huge hole in the ground. I walk up and down the street clicking the key fob. I finally hear a faint beep from the car, but there are several birds around and they are making the same chirping noise that the car keyfob makes. I wake up thinking the car is near by, but I actually never found it.

Comments:

Ah, more sex dreams. Maybe it's telling me I'm addicted to lust. I don't know. It's just ironic, because I'm an old man and the days of sexual adventure are far behind me. They say as you age you get a "second childhood." Maybe I have to pass through a second teenage stage to get there. Ha, ha!

The searching for a missing car - - I've heard, but not sure of, that this is the soul coming back from astral traveling, looking for the body, the vehicle of the soul. Just a theory, but it occurs often in my dreams. Especially when I'm traveling.

August 12, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in Hawaii on vacation. I get a call from my daughter telling me I got a call from an old girlfriend, Mary Nell. I'm worried that it may be a paternity suit or some kind of legal trouble. I tell my daughter I'm too busy and that I will deal with it when I come back home.

When I get back to the mainland, Mary is there waiting for me. She has a stack of papers, photos, and memorabilia. Instead of a lawsuit, she just wants to return some things to me. There are no hard feelings, regrets, or emotional attachments. It just seems like tidying up loose ends.

Dream 2:

I see two slightly plump blond women on a moving train. They are twins with the same off-white dress. They seem to be unconscious or in suspended animation. They might be in some kind of trouble. One of them is having tremors in her hands. Somehow I am able to save them. They become totally awake and normal. As I leave a lunch hall I see them at a table eating. They thank me as I walk by.

August 14, 2024.

Odd dream:

I'm walking along a lengthy pier in a large harbor. Just looking around at the sights. The next thing I know I'm in a room in a large government building. There is a light-haired man with a crew-cut haircut, what I call a "jar head," like a marine, though he has civilian clothes on. He's filling out papers on me to make a job offer. I feel interested, but not sure I can or want to work a full time job at my age. I mean to ask him if it's part-time or not. He also recruits another younger man, a tall, thin man in his early 20s. They send us into another room as part of the induction process. I see this younger recruit is crying, having an emotional breakdown. He is eliminated.

Talking to the recruiter, he tells me the job involves tracking and tracing illegal Chinese immigrants who cross the border. I tell him I was once a US Customs inspector, and that seems to be a major plus for my case. I'm thinking too, I can use my camera with the telephoto lens to track these guys. He leads me into yet another room, I suppose the third phase in the hiring process. The station commander is there. This is a man with authority, but he's old, laying almost

prone in a reclining office chair. I shake his hand in greeting and notice his fingers are swollen, dry, and gray, but he's sharp minded. He says something about me looking at military magazines, battle armaments of some kind. I don't recall seeing that. I ask, "Is that for real, or in some kind of dream universe?" He continues saying he saw me looking at this military equipment, and I finally remember seeing them on my walk along the pier. So, we're finally in agreement.

Next, the commander pulls out a scone, an English type cake. Instead of the usual cranberries in the scone, this one is oozing red jelly, like a jelly doughnut. Suddenly, all activity stops. It seems that it's 12-noon, lunch time. I leave the building, not sure if I should follow the jar-head recruiter to the lunch room or not. He's several steps ahead of me with other office workers and does not turn around to invite me, so I assume I'm not supposed to join him.

Comments:

I was, in my younger years, a US Customs Inspector. I AM thinking about starting some part-time work to bring in more income, but not a full-time job. The jelly doughnut may be a reference to my sweet tooth. Is this bad eating habit interfering with my job search?

August 15, 2024.

Dream:

I meet a girl and learn she is pregnant.

At a later time I see her again in a restaurant. We are at a small round table with another man. The man asks her who the father is and she says it is a board member for the company where she works. The man at the table scolds her for this, saying it's not right. I come to her defense, saying she can do whatever she feels is right for her. I yell back at the man, "No, you can't accept that others would make a different choice than you would."

August 16, 2024.

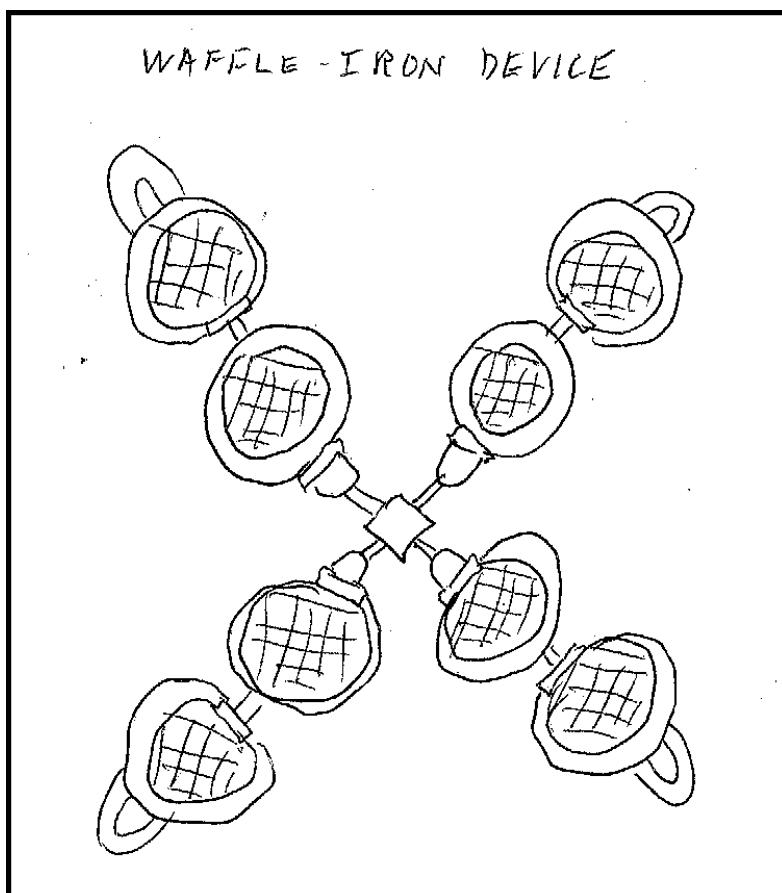
Dream:

I'm seated at a large table with other people. On the table is an odd device that looks something like four waffle irons with lids open. The four items are arranged in an "X" pattern on the table. It seems they are used to make hot sandwiches, like Italian panini sandwiches. I'm trying to learn how to use them. See **Figure 5**.

These same devices, then, appear to be used to organize sexual activity. Two of my married friends get involved and they go upstairs to engage in sex.

Meanwhile, I look around and I see the crotch area of someone who has the genitals of both male and female genders. It looks a bit disgusting. On my other side is a middle-aged but attractive blond woman. I touch one of her breasts, but she complains. "I feel awkward," so I stop any approach to her.

Figure 5. Waffle iron pattern.



August 17, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a large room with many levels and seating areas where groups can sit and talk. It reminds me of a college library setting with quiet spaces for chatting and reading. I understand that this is a show or display of some kind called "Talking Sculptures." There are groups of people standing still. It's darkly lit but there is a bright light in the center of each group.

As I approach I see they are real people, not sculptures. They are talking among themselves about spiritual ideas. As I get closer I recognize the first group as my friends from our Course in Miracles study group. There are several other similar groups in different areas of the lobby. One is my Zoom meeting with friends from our church's study group. Another is from our book club, again with the church where we meet every Wednesday in person. There is a light in each group.

Dream 2:

I'm attending a meeting at an open house at an Arab mosque. I'm trying to engage these young men in a metaphysical conversation, trying to be open and accepting. I want to defuse the emotional content of words like jihad. The effort goes nowhere. It's hard to establish a meaningful dialogue. I look at the participants. They are almost all young men. Their skin colors are all across the board, from white to dark to very black.

Dream 3.

There is a woman who is a life guard. She is demonstrating clothing she invented where if she moves into a certain gesture her closes fall off revealing a yellow swimsuit beneath her clothing.

Dream 4.

There is a large, square board about 4-feet on each side. It is covered with bird seed. Many birds are traipsing across the seed. A couple birds leave a trail as if they are urinating on the seeds.

Comments:

Dream 1: This is symbolic of the spiritual activities I'm currently engaged in. Most of the gatherings are dark but there is a bright light radiating in all of them. This is a sign of spiritual significance.

Dream 2: An attempt at cross cultural understanding.

Dream 3. No idea.

Dream 4. I think this refers to my need to get up to the bathroom.

August 19, 2024.

Dream:

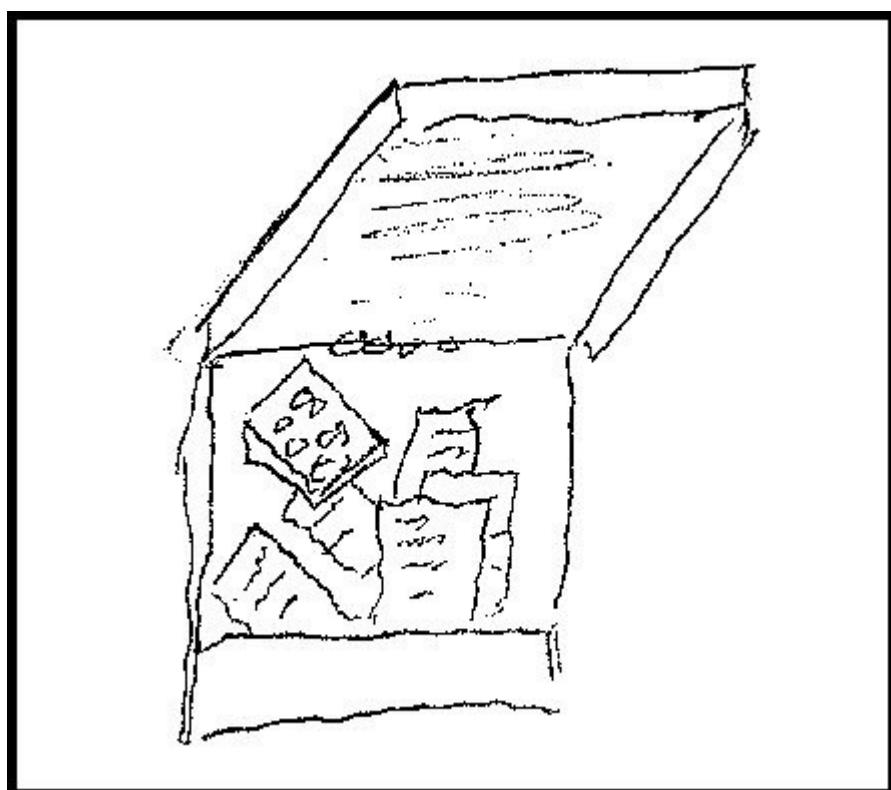
I'm sitting on a curb next to others. It's like a bus stop or perhaps waiting for a parade. I see something in the street tumble by. It's a tin box and 3 or 4 coins fall out. I pick them up and give half of them to the woman sitting to my left.

Meanwhile, I see the tin box is still there. It's a worn old box, a bit smaller than a lunch pail. I pick it up and look inside. I see another small glass or plastic box inside with coins, mostly dimes shifting around inside. More interesting is a wad of old hand-written papers and letters. It's a real vintage treasure. I take the box for myself, eager to bring it home and read the letters. They are all on yellowed pages, **Figure 6**. I'm eager to examine the coins too, as they may be old and valuable.

Comment:

I'm hoping this is an omen for positive treasures to come my way.

Figure 6. Coin collection in a tin box.

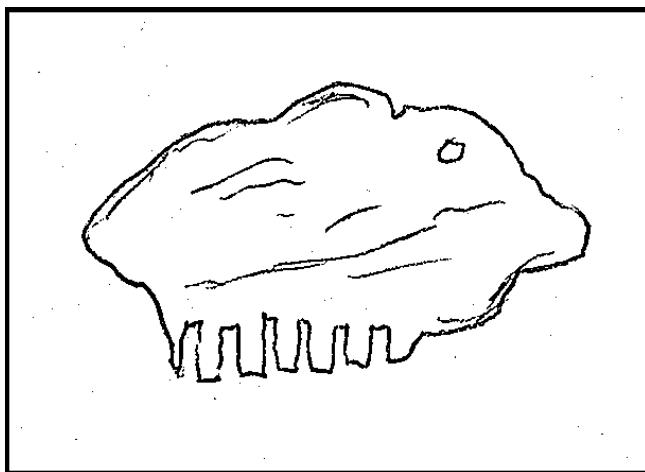


August 20, 2024.

Dream:

I'm watching someone work with a piece of wood. All I can see is his or her hands holding the wood. It's a light, porous type of wood, oddly shaped. It seems like this is happening in ancient times, as with early humans. They are making holes in the wood at the top and slices at the bottom. I'm getting the impression it's going to be a comb for the hair. Then the piece get infused with vapors or smoke to give it a distinctive aroma. It seems this comb then is used to brush the hair and impart the pleasant smell into the hair, **Figure 7**.

Figure 7. Primitive comb.



August 21, 2024.

Dream:

I'm on a street corner in Paris. About a half dozen Frenchmen are around me talking. They all speak English. I start to tell them about the first time I used my French language training while riding on the Staten Island ferry. By the time I got to the end of the story there were only one or two of them listening to me. One of them asks me where I want to go visit. I tell them I've been to Paris twice but never saw the Eiffel Tower at night, all lit up. I want to go there.

I go upstairs to the hotel room that my wife, Char, and I are sharing. It seems she has let a group of theater actors use the room while we are gone. I'm a bit nervous about this as I don't want them to steal anything. I'm especially worried about my camera. It's expensive. I come down to street level again, but go back up to look for my camera. I cannot find it, making me more worried. As I go into the room the actors are singing. I still cannot find the camera. I drop off some small, metal, tear-dropped shaped things I brought in Paris earlier. They are about 2 or 3 inches long; pointed at one end, rounded at the other. They are bright metal colors, almost like gems. Shiny colors, almost magical. I slip them into a green tote bag that I use for my cameras.

I wake up worried that my cameras may be lost. That's thousands of dollars.

Comment:

My whole life I've had a fascination with Paris. I did visit there in 2011 and 2013. I'm not sure if another visit is in the works. Maybe I spent a past life there. Who knows.

August 23, 2024.

Dream:

I'm working in a school as a teacher's assistant. At the moment I'm not doing anything, but the teacher wants to go on a break, so I take over. He was teaching the kids, all about 10 years old, how to use sign language to spell out the 26 letters of the alphabet. As I take over, I see there are at least 5 blackboards scattered about the classroom. I thought maybe of assigning the students into 5 teams, each taking 5 letters of the alphabet and having them draw the hand positions on each of the 5 blackboards. The last team would have 6 letters at the end of the alphabet. Then I thought maybe it would be easier to just assign the

vowels, a, e, i, o, and u. I notice, however, that some of the blackboards are covered with notes and papers, so that would have to be cleaned up.

Suddenly, I see a newborn baby being presented in the class. This distracts me. I'm thinking I have to get back to presenting the lesson on sign language for the alphabet.

Next, I'm walking along the street. School is over and I have to get back home. I have to take the train to lower Manhattan, take the ferry to Staten Island, then a bus to home. As I reach the train station I remember I can take a ride-share app, like Uber or Lyft, to take me all the way home in one fell swoop, as now the Verrazano bridge is complete and they can drive me all the way.

Comments:

I used to go to college at the City University of NY, once called CCNY. I was living in Staten Island at the time, so that was a LONG haul to get home. This is a recurring dream (nightmare) for me, as the many years of college taking that commute was difficult.

The school setting is most often an indication that a lesson must be learned. I don't know what that is in this case. Since I'm actually an instructor in the dream, it might be that I have to teach others something, starting with the A, B, Cs. This might be referring to my effort to convince my right-wing family members that Trump is a threat to our democracy. The DNC convention just ended and I'm currently wrestling with how to maintain family ties yet warn them about the dangers that Trump presents.

August 24, 2024.

Vague dreams:

I'm in an underground structure. It's a bomb shelter being run by women. They are serious, like the wives and mothers of soldiers.

I'm in Paris on the ground floor of a large building. My son and his family are having dinner in a restaurant at the top of this building. They want me to join him, but I'm distracted by events at ground level. I get another chance later to join him.

August 25, 2024.

Dream:

I see a vague picture of two older women from my church.

I'm working as a technical writer for the government. We are trying to catch tax cheats.

I win one case and shout out to my coworkers, "Hah! I outlasted a phony."

I see a close up of a wire. The insulation from the end of the wire is removed for about one quarter inch from the end. The copper end can slip out from the piece of wire, meaning there is no copper inside the remainder of the insulation.

I believe this is symbolic of tax cheats. There is no value there.

August 27, 2024.

Dream:

We're having a family reunion. It's in a hotel or motel, or possibly a private house. Brother Joe and his wife are in an apartment upstairs. Most of the others are downstairs on the main floor. My brothers Dave and Bill, and sister Linda are there. Groups of us go walking onto a nearby college campus, visiting the sights. I want us to go to the Student Union, where more fun activities can be found.

I'm worried that if we wander around too long I will miss my ukulele class. It starts at 11:30 AM. I look at my watch and it's just past 2:02 PM, so that class is over. I go back to the hotel. I want to go upstairs to talk with Joe, as we have our differences and I want to clear things up. As I go up the stairs I hear the voice of Flo, a different brother's wife. She says something about me coming to visit. As I go up the stairs I see a small rubber tire, as if from a kid's bicycle.

The next thing I know, this small tire is bouncing and rolling down a slope outside the hotel. It is followed by metal rim or hoop of some kind, about the same size as the tire. They go crashing into a garbage bin, just missing a dog who is running away.

Comments:

The reunion is symbolic of the desire to reconcile and repair differences of opinion in the family. The campus setting may signify a place of learning. The crashing tire may suggest the "wheels coming off" that wagon.

August 29, 2024.

Nightmare:

I'm at a meeting of all mafia members. They present themselves as a kind of Italian support group and they welcome me in as a guest. I'm thinking to myself that I'm a Christian and cannot engage in any of the crimes that the mafia is known for. Maybe, though, I can help with some kind of non-violent support.

Later in the meeting, they get down to business. A group of these men are arguing. I say something along the lines of "You two are both right. You should be happy that you made a good honest point and your wisdom can be accepted by the fellow you were arguing with. The two guys in the argument seem to agree with me. Their faces turn red with embarrassment.

I tell the group that I'm a proud Italian, and way back in the 1970s I did join in with a heritage group. Just as I say that, my daughter shows up with some papers I had saved of my participation in a pro-Italian society. She starts reading from a paper or bulletin from 1976.

Later, I'm in a room next to my younger brother. We are naked and being examined, as if for approval or rejection by this group. Then the people viewing us are all naked, with me seated on a couch. I think these are the gay members of the mafia. I whisper to my brother to be sure not to get an erection in front of them

I decide to leave. As I exit to a door, then down a few steps, I find my shoes and socks. I grab them, but one of my socks seems to be taped to the door. I pull it off and there is a ripping sound that alerts the other mafia members. Some kind of alarm has been set off. They have my younger brother in their hands. Another member of the group comes out to warn me that this is a very serious infraction. He warns that they may do something to us that involves damage to our bowels and rectum. I ask if we couldn't just pay a fine, say \$40 then leave. But, no, the charges seem serious and I'm very worried. I'm wondering if I should make a run for the exit.

Comments:

This is a nightmare. It might be a warning about diet, considering I may get constipated at times.

Ironically, at one time around the year 2000, I did make a contribution to some kind of Italian heritage society. Since then I took a DNA test. It showed I was a

mix of many different European countries, including large portions of genes from Finland and Spain, the Spanish element being the most dominant. Since that time I've pretty much thought of myself as basic European and not so much Italian.

Besides all that, the dream is essentially a fear of violence from weak-minded people. I suspect this might be related to the current polarization in the political arena, as we get deep into the presidential campaigns.

August 30, 2024.

Dream:

I'm not sure if this was a dream or some kind of subconscious download received in that twilight zone between waking and sleeping. In any case it seemed to be significant enough to include here. The text follows:

AWAKENING can be brutally RUDE when you realize that every sin and omission you ever committed, on every planet throughout all time and in all universes, in all the dimensions of time, has now come back to haunt you, epitomized in the form of one miserable, orange-haired slob, and you KNOW you'll never get into Heaven until you forgive him, and even embrace him, as a long-lost brother, beloved of God, thereby releasing both of you from your guilt, enabling all your siblings and yourself to be welcomed into that glorious realm of purity, innocence and holiness that your Divine Creator promised you, prepared for you, and all His/Her children.

August 31, 2024.

Dream:

It seems a group of people have just gotten out of a lecture and we are all gathering around a small park or garden just outside the building. It's on a grassy slope with pathways and benches around the perimeter. I see my friend Mary, and I want to talk with her, but she seems to be with her two sisters. Her arm is around one of them, hanging across her shoulders. Meanwhile, I am talking to a small group of other people, a bit further away. I'm chatting with a Chinese woman.

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September 1, 2024.

Dream:

A doctor takes a swab of someone's mouth and the sample is somehow transferred to a large black sheet of paper, maybe 18 inches square. The doctor then uses a brush with some kind of reagent to help expose the conditions that are revealed by the sample. The paper now has large splotches of off-white and black areas which the doctor can then interpret. It seems there are some concerns with the findings but there is nothing serious going on.

There is some talk and concern about my financial plans.

Out of the corner of my eye I see a large, reddish-orange disk off to my right. I go back to what I was doing but then see the disk again. As I look at it, it transforms into a large complex of toy railroad tracks with many small railroad cars running around it. The cars are about 5 inches high and maybe 8 to 12 inches long. The railroad seems to be laid out in a concave groove in the hillside. It resembles a miniature mountain and valley landscape.

September 2, 2024.

Dream:

I see hundreds of people entering a large indoor stadium. They are all carrying large red or blue squares signifying if they are Democrats or Republicans. As they move into the stadium it becomes confusing if they appear as people, or perhaps they are just the blue or red squares they seem to be carrying. Although they are from different parties, there is no tension. Everyone seems to know which seats they should take in the auditorium.

September 3, 2024.

Dream:

I'm standing looking over a mountain valley. There are hills and mountains on both sides that look normal, but the valley floor is almost desolate. There are a few patches of grass and shrubs, but most of the flat land is just dirt. It's as if someone had cut down all the trees and left just large areas of dark brown dirt.

September 4, 2024.

Dream 1:

It's finals season at a large university and our class has to work through the night to complete the exams. For some reason we are allowed to take the exam in the streets around the campus. One of the questions is about a baseball player. I don't know much about the teams in my area but I think the right answer is a man named LeBec. He may be with the L.A. Dodgers or maybe the S.F. Giants. I can't be sure. There's a newspaper blowing around in the street, among the other students taking the exams. I look in the sports section of the newspaper to try to find his name or his team.

There are monitors on the campus and they see our group of students gathered around and they suspect cheating. I tell the officer "I just wanted to take a break." I was thinking of cheating however.

Dream 2: Long, strange, and thematic.

My wife, Char, and I are having breakfast at a fine French restaurant at a resort down south in California. We are just leaving the breakfast area to take a break. There is a woman at a table next to us. She is just leaving too and tells the waitress to save the rest of the chicken or game bird she was eating. I'm holding the leg of the bird, thinking about taking a bite out of it. It's her food though, so I tell the waitress again that she wants to save it for later. She puts the plate on a shelf. She uses a red glove to flag the food and a note saying "#1," meaning this is from the first shift, breakfast.

Char and I sit back down for the start of lunch. There is a big bucket of ice on the table, set aside for when we are supposed to order wine. She whispers something to the waiter, along the lines of "He doesn't drink."

The waiter puts a plate on top of my wine glass and a fork on top of that. This is a sign that this customer does not want wine. He doesn't speak but shows us a menu for the first course of lunch. It looks something like a bagel but the waiter gestures to the menu where it reads "baguette."

For some reason, we take a break, leave the table and walk outside of the resort. It's actually in a dry area of southern California, with craggy mountains off in the distance. I see smoke from a fire. I heard about the fire on the news.

There is an interval between breakfast and lunch, so much of the wait staff is taking a break. We join them as they relax on the patio and the hill beside the restaurant. In the distance I see a corral and a horse is squeezing out between the wooden slats. The horse comes running up to one of the waiters. It seems they are old friends and the horse and the waiter are eager to greet each other. Then I see more animals, mostly dogs, and they too come running up to greet their waiter friends.

Walking around I see what looks like a full moon near the horizon, bright orange. This can't be – moons don't move that fast. Looking closer I see it's really a gondola for the lift up the side of the mountain. I go climbing on a peak near the resort. As I climb up I see the mountain is covered with books, and boxes of records. Now I want to get down, but the books and boxes are teetering and I'm afraid of making them fall, or of me falling too. I eventually make it down. I see that Char has gotten lost too, but the wait staff has rescued her. One of the wait staff is a big strongman. To show off, he lifts two of the other waiters onto his shoulders and carries them down the hill.

Char and I go back into the resort restaurant. It's a very classy, fancy restaurant with refined, nice looking wait staff. I am wearing a Hawaiian shirt covered with a gray sweater. Char has on a pair of jeans with a bulky green sweater. I'm wondering if maybe I'm under dressed. Maybe I should put the sweater back on, as it serves as a coat. It is now break time, the interval between breakfast and lunch, and the staff is roaming around outside the restaurant.

Comments:

This is yet another in a series of themed episodes about France, fine restaurants, banquets, etc. I feel as if the French staff are somehow superior beings and they are serving us. As I wake up, the cat is on the bed. In an unusual approach, she

come very close to my face, purring. I know cats sometimes are associated with psychic events and the celestial world. Maybe that's why they sleep so much. I'm wondering if the closeness with her this morning is a message that she is channeling these dreams to me.

September 5, 2024.

At nap time: Dream:

I'm in a small auditorium. Someone is lecturing and recording video at the same time. He's holding an odd, square camera made of light blue metal. He's in the corner in the first row. Only a few people are in the audience. There is a suspicion that he is a Russian hacker spreading false information. Suddenly, two men near him jump up with guns drawn, shouting something along the lines of "Shut up! FBI! You're under arrest!"

Comments:

This is probably from watching too many YouTube videos, trying to discern if they are real or manufactured by Putin's disinformation campaign!

September 6, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in what seems to appear as a private house, but I'm in there with 5 or 6 businessmen who are having some kind of retreat. The business part of it seems to have faded, being replaced by a bunch of "good old boys" looking for a good time with some prostitutes. I'm not into it. The whole house now seems to be some kind of dump with garbage and clothes all over the place. The leader of this orgy type atmosphere seems to be the boss. Of all the prostitutes there he also suggests that "somebody take my wife." Of all the filthy characters there I understand his wife must be the least contaminated, so I'm thinking of her.

I see a chart, like a check list, and his wife is like the 5th column on this list. Down each side of that column are two red lines, while the rest of the chart is in black ink. I'm suddenly distracted as I have to go take a pee. Looking around I find two bathrooms, but the toilet bowls of both are stuffed up with dirty clothing. The whole place, in fact, is filthy. There is a fellow next to me and he gives an oddly shaped funnel. I find I can pee into the funnel, as the neck finds a way to push the clothing aside so I can pee. I wake up with an urgent need to go the bathroom.

Comments:

The disgusting "business" situation seems to amplify the sleaziness of the sex industry. The red lines suggest this type of behavior is "crossing a red line." The peeing problem usually represents a real-life physical need to get up and go to the bathroom.

September 7, 2024.

Dream:

I'm out on the street looking for my car. I know I parked it here, but now the whole block is covered with cops writing out tickets. I want to ask one of the cops where I can pick up the car. Meanwhile, large utility trucks are rolling out onto the streets from garages.

Comments:

This is a common dream for me. Not sure, but I've heard theories that the soul leaves the body while we sleep and returning to the body (the vehicle for the soul – hence the lost car) can be disorienting and the soul, visiting many different realms, may struggle to find the next material world venture.

September 9, 2024:

Dream:

I see a neighbor woman having oral sex with a young man. I'm wondering if she would include me. She seems reluctant.

I'm driving along a winding country dirt road. I see a big flock of large birds with brown pot bellies. They seem to be associated with a group of large animals, like goats or elk. They are following this herd of animals as they are mutually beneficial, like eating the bugs that pester them. I keep driving down this hilly road, but I decide these birds are a species I haven't seen before and I want to take photos of them. I try to turn around but there is a big, muddy puddle in a dip in the road. I do get to turn around to go back to the birds. This time, though, I also see what looks like young dogs, wrapped in blankets, lying on the hillside, like babies in blankets.

I come across a large parking lot in an industrial area. I find they have thrown out photographic equipment and it's in a pile along the curb. I pick it up and carry it away, thinking I could use it. A young black man grabs a small packet of pins that I am holding. He wants to steal the rest of the photo equipment. I warn him that I have secret martial arts skills and I could defeat him. He turns around and walks away with the bag of pins, a non-essential part of the photo

equipment.

Later I come across even more old photo equipment, this time an old enlarger. It's in poor condition and I'm not sure I want to carry it all away. It would need to be cleaned and restored to get it working again, and meanwhile the old photo developing equipment is old school. Nowadays we use digital processing, not film.

September 10, 2024.

Dream:

I see several iterations of the same scene: I'm watching the construction of a cube made of 10-foot long PVC piping. I'm not sure if it's being built as a structural add-on for a house, or perhaps as a ham radio antenna.

September 11, 2024.

Dream:

There is a dog in a pit about 2 or 3 feet deep, a rectangle. There is dirt on one side where the dog could jump out, but still it seemed neglected or trapped. It is coughing and searching for water, but the water in the pit is brown with dirt. I try to give it some fresh water, but the dirty water just contaminates the clean water. I wake up thirsty.

Comments:

It seems the dog is actually myself, coughing. I have a dry mouth. I get up and have some water.

September 13, 2024.

Odd midnight download.

“Ode to Caesar.”

I'd rather die upon my own without the brutal stab or stone.

My valor ends and comes to naught, despite the mighty battles fought

How hard the idol tilts and tumbles when feet of clay bear cracks and crumbles.

September 14, 2024.

Long, tortuous dreams:

1. A kindly professor is talking with me. I feel later that he may be a spirit guide. I'm on the campus of my old college in uptown Manhattan. The psychology class I want to attend is in room 209 upstairs. I'm not sure if I should go there, since I'm not registered for the class and I haven't been there for years. I decide it's been too long and that I should go back home. I take the elevator down to the main floor, but I slip or faint and fall to the floor. I'm embarrassed, not wanting to be viewed as weak or ill.

2. I'm in a small Russian town, in a rural area. There is a train nearby.

The town has a television, but the picture is blurry. I see an aerial map of Russia and a hot, red wind is blowing in from the west. It about covers all of Russia before cooling off.

3. I'm taking a taxi ride from an airport, but the driver is a fake. He drives me into a rural, crime-ridden neighborhood next to a highway near the ocean. He drives the car into a ditch and threatens me with a long metal pole. He starts to bury the car with dirt and large rocks. He is soon joined by another young man who is also poking at me with a long metal rod with a point on the end. It seems they want to rob me as well as bury me in the car. I'm wondering if they leave if I could break out anyway.

The younger man gets into the car next to me. I take out my wallet which has about \$140 in it and I give all but \$20 to him. He now has a little baby, about 2 years old, with red hair. I understand that he is poor and he needs the money for his family. I tell him he's welcome to it, but doesn't need to kill me to get it.

Later I see him and the older taxi driver, possibly his father. Now they are both friendly to me. The father gives me a small, round mirror, part of his robbery loot. It a friendly gesture, like all is forgiven. This is probably because he knows I gave the younger man the money for his baby. Still, I'm walking along the highway in a rather lawless area and I want to get out.

I finally get out onto a path next to the highway into a more civilized area. I see a dog sitting on a wooden pallet. He is attached to the pallet with a leash and a note. It's like a plea to adopt the dog. There is a note attached to him, but the note is way too small for people driving by to read. The dog seems to need water.

Later on, I see another dog, also on a pallet; also tied to the pallet with a leash and a note about adoption. This dog too needs water. This dog and pallet are up in a tree. There is a wall between the tree and the highway. Whoever put him there wanted to place the dog above the level of the brick wall so drivers could see him. Two young girls have seen the dog trapped up there and they are trying to get him down and rescue him.

Next, I'm laying on grass next to the highway. It seems one of the dogs has been rescued and he's resting comfortably next to me while I pet him. This marmalade-colored cat is with us. This cat seems to be communicating with me. Suddenly I realize the cat is speaking to me in English. This startles me and I try to follow the cat, but I wake up.

Comments:

I had a fruit bowl with some watermelon in it, which is supposedly a stimulant for dreams. The first dream may refer to some kind of spiritual mentor. My major was psychology. The dream may be a reference to needing my past training to cope with current problems. Some physical challenges have made me feel weaker and fragile lately, but that is clearing up now.

Not sure about the robbery. It seems to indicate that even in dangerous situations a little kindness, like giving the robbers my money, may go a long way to reducing the threat. The dogs and the water might refer to the dry mouth I sometimes have while sleeping. Not sure if this is from mouth breathing while sleeping or perhaps high blood sugar from the fruit bowl I had before bed. The dogs and cats as the role-players for thirst probably reflect the political campaign rhetoric where Trump claims that migrants are eating cats and dogs for food. The

result is that videos of spoofs, people pretending to eat their pets, have flooded social media sites. There are hundreds of these videos mocking the idea and the dream may have incorporated that imagery. This again is resolved at the end by the cat and dog resting comfortably near me.

September 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a small but very wealthy town. I see many people in a large and beautiful mansion. The people here are considered high society with seemingly more women than men. Some people propose walking up a small hill to a luxurious store where the women wanted to visit to do some shopping even though it was near to 11 in the evening. Many in the group mention one member of this group named John. It seems he was a standout in this community

Then, many of the women and other shoppers leave and head back to the mansion. Meanwhile I'm not sure if I brought my camera with me. I'm thinking of contacting the security office in the store.

Dream 2, after nap:

I'm in a large theater or possibly an opera house. It seems we are in the Italian Renaissance era. A large group of actors are rehearsing a play, or possibly a musical. I am observing from the sidelines. The rehearsals are in progress and I'm wondering if I should join the troupe, possibly as an extra, or a back-up in case one of the actors cannot perform.

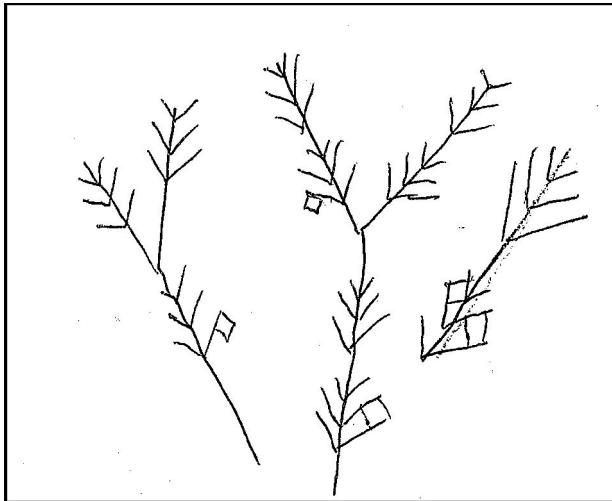
September 16, 2024.

Dream:

Someone is showing me a drawing. It's a stick figure of what looks like a plant, with all the lines at about 30 degrees from the main branch. It looks like a set of leaves in 3 pairs along the stem, with the uppermost being the shortest and the lower being the longest. I'm instructed to find the figures that represent a "flame." This I take to mean the sets of three in a row. Then I am asked to find the "flags," which are one stem or leaf with a box on the end. See **Figure 8** below.

I have no idea what this means.

Figure 8. Stick figures for "flame," and "flag."



September 19, 2024.

Dream 1:

There is a large house with three couples. I'm with my girlfriend making up one of the couples. It seems we are all in our mid-20s. I am eager sleep with her but I'm tired. I pass a room and see another couple making love in a small bed. I'm torn between wanting to go back to sleep and also to please my partner. All three women are leaving out a back door. Two of them suggest to my partner that she give me a blow job. I like the idea because it would satisfy me without taking too much energy, and I could get back to sleep quickly.

Dream 2:

I'm in a rural town, somewhere in eastern Europe. I stop in to a country restaurant to order some food. They are making up some kind of large bowl with both corn-flake type cereal and Mexican style tortilla chips. The more the woman works on this plate of food, the less appealing it appears to me. She is finished with the bowl when two little girls carry it to serve me with it. They drop the tray holding the bowl and the food spills all over the floor. I decide I don't want to stay there any longer. I tell the woman who was preparing the food that I'd be back later for lunch or dinner.

Short dream, or possibly just a mental idea as I am waking up:

I have a plan to write a blog or article to make a list of the top ten songs on the music charts for every week over a full year. By tracking the most popular songs and how long they stay on the top 10 list might provide insight into the pop-culture mindset.

Comments:

Not sure why I had a sexy dream, as I'm an old man and not active in that arena. Dream 2 may be dietary advice. I've been eating corn flakes pretty often with breakfast and I'm not sure all the carbs are good for me.

September 20, 2024.

It's nighttime and I'm riding a small motorcycle through traffic. I feel it's dangerous.

September 21, 2024.

Dream:

It seems like I'm in a post-apocalyptic world, as all the buildings around me are damaged. I'm in a large house where all the windows are blown out and debris is all over the floors. The house is filled with sick people, children, beggars, and people suffering from injuries.

On top of all the misery I feel an earthquake. Some of the buildings in the area collapse, and I'm hoping the house with the children in it are not affected. The house I'm in has a central square and a staircase leading up into a balcony on the second floor. As I go up the stairs one beggar asks for change but I have none. Back on the ground floor I see a patch of grass. Remembering my old hobby of metal detecting, I search the grass for coins. Even without a metal detector you can often find coins right on the surface. I find a handful of coins and give them to the poor and suffering people around me. I find a 25-cent piece and throw it up to the beggar on the second floor. I'm trying to teach people to look for coins in the deep recesses of the patches of grass, and also in discarded junk. I show someone a pile of garbage that includes two old suitcases, and we find some coins there too.

Comments:

I sometimes watch New Age and Light-worker videos on YouTube. Some predict a collapse of the world economy, where barter is the only kind of exchange. I wonder if this contributed to the imagery of an apocalypse or perhaps it was watching scenes of destruction in the Gaza strip as the war between Hamas and Israel continues daily on television news. In any case, the attempt to help others during a crisis is probably a good sign.

September 22, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large house with about 20 other people. The house is somewhat run down, and there's a feeling that this group is isolated, like we are all on our own now. We are trying to establish some kind of civilized order to create a group consensus. I'm thinking we should have a list of roles for us to vote on. The group seems to think that this one man, called Turn, should be the main administrator.

I'm thinking we should make a list of the top roles or offices that would be created, such as the main leader, the law and safety officer, the family and entertainment person, etc. I'm thinking for the Law and Safety Officer, that we should have a simple rule. "Don't annoy anyone, and don't be too easily annoyed." This is an idea I read a long time ago in a science fiction book.

I decide that we have to make up a matrix, a spreadsheet of the several roles to fill and have that crossed by the names of the people in the group. First we would need to ask for volunteers for each of the several positions, then vote on them as a group. I sense that there are 21 different assignments but only 20 in the group, so some members may have to fill more than one role.

Comments:

This, again, feels like a post-apocalyptic period, similar to yesterday's dream, where a small group of survivors has to re-establish social norms.

September 24, 2024.

Dream:

I'm watching as fence poles are being erected around a grassy plot of land. A chain link fence is going up. There are cables and wires to hook it all together. There is an impression that this fence is designed to keep out pornography, to keep it from polluting the grass.

Download?

Not a dream, but an intense waking presence that lasted for about 90 minutes staring at around 2:00 AM. I had been reading A Course in Miracles earlier that day, Lesson 94, "I am as God created me." During this period I could feel a sense of holiness and love in the meaning of the words I remember from that lesson. After a while I wanted to get back to sleep. I recited a mantra from another lesson, "I rest in God." Again the presence stayed with me. A deep sense of peace.

September 26, 2024.

Dream:

There's some light flirting going on between me and a younger girl. Innocent, not sexy. I find myself in a pool with three girls. The water is only ankle deep. Again, a girl starts flirting with me, but this time she is more serious, accidentally/on-purpose flashing parts of her body under the bathing suit.

Another girl is staring at me. This one is nice looking but has big, green eyes, and her eye color is spread all through her eye, not just the pupil. It's a light mossy green, making her look a bit alien. Now, the first girl is missing and in her place is a naval officer. He is fully clothed in a military hat and uniform, an authority figure. He tells me he knows all about the flirting with the first girl, but I still think it was platonic, not predatory.

Dream after map:

I'm one of the instructors in a swimming class. Like the previous dream, the pool is shallow, maybe just two feet deep. The class is taking a break, but I'm still watching over the pool. It has light green water mixed with some cloudy-white plumes floating beneath the surface. I attribute this to chemicals used to keep the water germ free.

Now the class of students is gathered outside the pool on a grassy area. An older woman, not in the class, not even in the school, wants to cool off her feet in the pool. I tell her she's not allowed but she gets in the water anyway. I see she has bandages on her left foot. I yell at her, "you have an infection on your foot and you will contaminate the water." She responds in a kind of "who says" posture. I say "I do!"

Just then, a minister from a church I attended long ago, Rev. Patti, appears at the side of the pool, suggesting to me not to be so harsh. Maybe I was wrong to be so dictatorial.

September 27, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large auditorium with just about all the seats taken. There is a ceremony going on in front with a half dozen speakers ready to talk. One of the speakers is our ukulele club leader. He tells the MC to make the first award to someone, and the MC walks up the side aisle and calls out my name. I'm surprised. The man gives me a medal, some kind of honor.

I look behind me and see most of the seats are full. In the back is a panel of about 6 people. They are sitting under a banner which reads "Brooklyn Technical H.S. Board." They are leaders and supporters for Brooklyn Tech, the high school I attended as a young man. I approach a couple of them and tell them of the year I graduated. I'm thinking maybe they will let me speak about my gratitude towards the school, but they mostly ignore me.

Next, I find I'm again working in a hospital. I have finished the morning and after a break I feel I should complete the afternoon session. I cannot, however, find my comfortable nursing shoes. I ask an old woman if she has seen my shoes. She is bent over with a walker and doesn't seem to know what I'm talking about. I ask her for her name, but again, she is too out of it mentally to respond. I'm thinking maybe I should ask the other nurses.

I want to get back to my nursing duties, but I see my brother and several other family members walking down a path in a large park. My ex-wife is in this crowd and they are all enjoying nature in the park. I decide to join them and

leave the nursing assignment. I feel the green grass at my feet and I set down next to a fresh water pool. The pool is clear and beautiful. I'm thinking we should spend more time in nature like this. Then I wonder if I should go back to the hospital work.

Comments:

A few days ago I gave my ukulele teacher a nice compliment in front of the class. I think the medal I received may be showing his appreciation for my kind words. Not sure what the Brooklyn Tech School Board is all about. Maybe, since it's a school, that it signifies a lesson for me.

The family reunion and the walk in the park felt very uplifting. There's a contrast in the need to go back to work and to take more time off to enjoy life.

September 29, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a large office conference room. The team I'm on is pitching a market research project to a CEO and the officers around him. I think the negotiation is going well, as one member of our team was a schoolmate of the CEO, and they are joking about old times. Then, however, the CEO asserts that he will design the questionnaire. Our team sees this as a deal-breaker, because he has no experience with market research techniques. We begin to walk out the door.

Later I blame myself because I could have spoken up and given reasons why the questionnaire should be written by experienced professionals. I'm thinking words like "Did you consider x, y, and z?" Meanwhile, a naked muscle-man barges into the conference room. He's acting all powerful, like a bully.

Dream 2:

I'm taking a long final exam for school. I feel like I'm way behind, since I got started late. I fill out a few questions, but the next is a complicated question where you read a long paragraph, and then you are questioned about what you can conclude about the paragraph. Since I'm behind in time, I decide to skip this question and go on to the simple multiple-choice sections. I think I can come back to the long, detailed question later. I'm feeling dread as the time is running out and I might fail this test.

Dream 3:

I'm in Paris, visiting a family. We are starting to pack to go home and I have a lot of clothes and supplies scattered around this house. I have to pack and I feel there's not enough time. I might miss the plane. At the same time, I realize me and my family have not completed all that we set out to do. We never got to the Louvre Museum.

While staying in this family's house I've gotten to know a 10 year old girl, and she's sorry to see me leave. I have a technical magazine and I ask her if she wants it. I'm surprised because this magazine is all about computers and electronics, and I'm sure it's over her head to understand. But she is very pleased when I give it to her. She shows me her "secret room." It's a closet set up like a little doll house with all her favorite things inside.

Next, I'm saying goodbye to her older sister, who it seems was my girlfriend while I was visiting. I give her a big hug. She's wearing a beautiful white dress. I'm not sure if I want her family to know of our romance.

Comments:

In dream 1, this refers to a large meeting I attended long ago when the head officer gave a speech to the new hires. He's telling us how all ideas come from the top down. At the end he asks if there are any questions. I wanted to jump up and complain about such a condescending talk, as if the hundreds of new employees couldn't come up with new ideas. But I was too hesitant to jump up. He leaves the podium mumbling about "I didn't think so." This further infuriates me, yet I blame myself for not speaking up. The muscle man is just a bully.

Dream 2 reflects a theme for me, that I'm wasting time and not fulfilling some of my assignments while here in this earth school. Lot's of symbolism here, but not sure I get the whole message.

Dream 3 is yet another Paris dream, one of many throughout my lifetime. Also the romantic connection. Again, there is a worry about running out of time and not getting things done that I planned.

September 30, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a house with several other guys. A low-class tough guy is trying to join our group. He's not welcome here. The police arrest him.

Me and four other guys are in a building and inventing a boat that actually floats about 3 feet above the water. With four of us in the boat it barely rises above the waves. There are lifters in the four corners of the craft, but they are not strong enough. We find that if one guy jumps out, there is enough lift to go for a ride. We take the boat out about 25 yards and float around the shore to the left. There are rocks jutting out of the water and I'm thinking we should avoid that area. While on the boat I receive a gift from my brother Sandy. I open it up and it's a video camera.

Skip to October [2](#), [3](#), [4](#), [5](#), [6](#), [7](#), [8](#), [9](#), [10](#), [11](#), [12](#), [13](#), [14](#), [15](#), [16](#), [17](#), [18](#), [19](#), [21](#), [22](#), [23](#), [24](#), [25](#), [26](#), [28](#), [29](#), [30](#), [31](#).

October 1, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a prison, but I'm a mole for the warden, to collect information on the real inmates. I whisper something in his ear and notice he has a small microphone in his hair, just above his ear. So, I suspect he is recording everything I say.

The inmates are working with some kind of hard grit for sanding and polishing metals or glass. I see that the brushes they use get loaded up with this grit and I suspect the inmates are collecting piles of this stuff when they clean the brushes. Likewise, the grit accumulates on the floor, giving them another chance to collect it.

As I talk with my contact, I see the foot of one of the inmates push something near our feet, and I think there may be a listening device in his shoe to capture our conversation. I also, in my mind's eye, see a cone shaped inverted funnel between his toes. Again, not sure if this is to collect our voices or to collect the grit they are using for nefarious purposes.

Comments:

Don't know what this means. Obviously there is a lot of spying and deception going on. Yet I feel I'm on the good side of the law, even though I'm being deceptive too. There's a conflict. Do I lie to the liar? Do I bomb the bomb factory?

October 2, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm a sailor or some kind of deckhand on a ship. It seems like the ship is not moving, like it's in port. I'm cleaning up a big mess on deck. There is junk, debris, and much need of repair. I am collecting and preserving maps and documents that are strewn across a large bulkhead. I start painting this area with white paint, while I see areas that need the wood repaired. I skip those areas for later repair.

After a while the ship deck is looking a lot better. I am called to take this woman on the ship to a small room and make love to her. She has dark hair and is writhing and groaning as I mount her. I realize she is a virgin and it's hurting her. Surprisingly, I sense no pleasure in this task. It's simply like one of my responsibilities. I'm thinking, "Wow! Wait until historians discover that I was the one to deflower Marilyn Monroe." That is, even though she has dark hair in this ordeal.

Dream 2 (Later):

I'm looking at documents and pamphlets, possibly some of the papers I retrieved from the previous dream. Taking a closer look I see it's a letter from some large corporation. In small print they are saying they are going to add fees to their service charges. I see this as a money grab that will ultimately siphon off a lot of cash from consumers.

October 3, 2024.

Another Paris themed dream:

I'm in Paris and very glad to be there.

I come across a dry goods store selling used and antique items.

One item is a printers tray that holds movable metal type. There is, however, no type castings in the box, just a whole bunch of hollow metal tubes, one end with a rim around the base. For some reason I'm fascinated by this and I ask the shop owner how much they are. He tells me I can have this one for free, as it's slightly damaged. This Jewish vendor is so kind I'm wondering if I should buy a second set, which would be \$40. I decide not to do it, as one is enough and I'm not sure what I would do with the little metal pieces; maybe some kind of art project.

So I leave the shop and I'm wandering down some steps with the type-setting tray and some board he's given me, supposedly to help repair some of the damaged wood on the box. Then I remember that I have to catch a plane to go back home to the United States. There is no way I could carry this stuff on the plane. Since it was free to me, I leave the boards and tray leaning up against a building for someone else to retrieve. Meanwhile, I see an ocean view beyond the street. I want to be sure to take some pictures of the Paris area before I go home.

Now I'm walking on a wide French boulevard. The sidewalk is so wide that there are chairs and benches all over the place. They are filled with all kinds of French pedestrians, from well-dressed business men to bums and beggars. I go to sit on one bench, but there's a drunk there in dirty clothes and dirty bare feet. I go to another two rows of chairs by the boulevard and find a seat. I remember I should call my family. I'm supposed to meet them at the airport and I don't even know what time the flight leaves.

While I'm trying to dial up the number on my cell phone, a man walks up to me and gives me a dime. There is an old, abandoned newspaper stand and I think that he believes I am the vendor and wants to pay me for the newspaper. I think that's not right so I want to bring the dime back to the newspaper stand and leave the dime there. I ask the fellow next to me to watch my phone. He says "Why don't you just take the phone with you?" So I do that and come back to my seat. I'm having difficulty dialing my family. I cannot reach them on the phone. I'm thinking I need help with communications as I wake up.

Comments:

This is yet another Paris themed dream, one of a series in my dreams.

I've always enjoyed crafts and have an appreciation for print type trays as decorations.

Some inconsistencies. There are no ocean views in Paris. Only the river. The dime is an American coin. In France this would be a Franc or some Euro coin. The man paid for a paper, but the news stand was vacant.

October 4, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large workshop. Odd, but it seems to be both indoor and outdoor. The outdoor side shows a flowing creek with a bridge above it. The bridge has been damaged by recent flood. They are pouring concrete to repair the underside of the bridge. They are adding pipes to the bottom of the concrete pour so that future floods will pass through the underside of the bridge.

As I'm watching the workers see a large fish in the creek. Someone catches it and pulls it into the indoor section of the shop. Then a man at a drafting table begins to paint an image of this fish. He starts with the overall outline and begins drawing in the scales and large circular markings on the side of the fish.

Comments:

The stimulus for this dream is probably due to me watching news coverage and videos of the rain from hurricane Helene in the south-east corner of the US. There was lots of wind damage and flooding from this storm.

After nap:

I'm on about the 5th floor in a large apartment complex. I'm with my girlfriend looking out a large bedroom window. (Someone I don't know in real life.) The window overlooks a nice beach at the ocean. I can see a wooden pier which has a very high wooden tower. I decide to go up the stairs in the tower so I can take some landscape pictures with my camera. My girlfriend says she wants to go too. We agree to meet at the top of the tower.

When I get to the beach, there are several children playing lacross with their nets and a ball. A big Black man is there, like a coach. The kids continue playing with the ball. They are skilled players who are talented in catching and passing the ball. I get to a landing about half way up the stairs, but I don't see my girlfriend. When I get to the top, again I don't see her. There are no emotions about not finding her; it's just matter-of-fact.

October 5, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a foreign country, I think Uzbekistan. My wife and I go to a casino. I find a slot machine that I feel is a good prospect. Sure enough, after a few spins we win an upgrade where we get about a dozen free spins with enhanced odds. On the first free spin we hit a jackpot of \$4000, with thick brown casino chips being deposited into a tray on top of the slot machine. It looks like four of these thick chips at \$1000 each and some smaller value chips too.

Meanwhile, a skinny black teenage man is watching all this and he is trying to engage with us, an obvious attempt to try and claim some of our money. He become more persistent and annoying, to the point I have to call out "Help!" An agent for the casino appears, small, chubby man who looks like a Turkish fellow. He's explaining things to me and the black boy comes to argue his case. But now the young man turns into a young Turkish lad too, and the two of them begin speaking in either Turkish, or possibly the language of Uzbekistan. The two of them get into an animated, happy discussion, and I cannot understand what they are saying, but it seems to bode ill that I won't like the outcome of this exchange. I whisper to the Turkish adult that the boy is probably poor and I will agree to him getting at least some of the cash. We all three go inside the back room of the casino and the Turkish agent pulls out stacks of paper bills all wrapped in paper tape, probably \$1000 per packet. He is going to prepare a package for me and one for the boy. He invites me into the vault where the money is stored, but I feel it's a trap, like I'll get kidnapped. There's some kind of vague threat about running off to Moscow.

At this point I don't even care about the money anymore, or the fact that we still have some spins on the slot machine. It just doesn't matter to me any more, and I'm not ever sure the Turkish man will have anything for me even if I hang around. I just go back to the casino and link up with my wife.

Comments:

My wife and I will, on occasion, visit a nearby casino, always in the hope that we will hit "The Big One," but that never happens. The foreign location is new to me. I rarely, if ever, dream of that region or Russia. France is more common. Not sure of the message here. Maybe easily gained money is easily lost too. I felt good about letting the poor lad get a portion of the winnings.

October 6, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a crowded room with several young friends. In walks a fellow who is very popular with the girls. Several people are talking about him. It seems he's gotten a girl pregnant and is going to marry her. His days of sowing his wild oats are over.

Comments:

This is a fellow I knew from the neighborhood while I was in college. In real life we were at a party one time and he befriended me. I was surprised because I was quiet and shy at that age and he was very popular. He asked me to walk him home after the party. When we got to his house he asked if I wanted to come in. I realized he was gay and was hitting on me. I said no and walked away, surprised that he was a swinger like that. The dream featured that same fellow.

October 7, 2024.

Dream.

I'm in some kind of workshop. Me and two women are making clay sculptures. The clay quality, however, is very poor. It is soggy and limp and breaks apart easily. This makes it difficult to complete any final figure. It takes extra skill. One woman quits and leaves the shop. I continue working, but the quality of the final product is lacking.

October 8, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in an old machine shop. It reminds me of a job I had at a printing company. Both are low skill workshops. I see some old friends there and we strike up a happy conversation. Some of the employees that I worked for are still there. There's a hint I might want to work there again, but I remember I'm old and I would not want to work a full time job.

I have an old but fancy white car, like a sporty coup. I realize I'm in a small town way up north in California. I drive the car and stop at a gas station to get directions. I want to get back home. I ask these two fellows "Where is Highway 5?" It bisects the state and I know it will lead me south to the Sacramento area.

Comments:

Here is another theme of not knowing how to get "home." Some analysts believe this is the soul in the astral plane knowing it's time to get back to the physical body.

October 9, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a group of people that just completed an assignment. We are asked to "self-evaluate" by writing a paper reviewing our actions. I give myself a "Pretty Good" grade.

There is strong, robust woman seated facing me and she seems to validate my self evaluation. She seems proud of me. She sits closer to me and gives me a warm hug and a kiss. It's not the least bit sexual, but rather a heartfelt endorsement of my efforts.

I find myself in a rural setting. A large building has been damaged by a recent storm. A group of us are tasked with restoring the building. I focus on the roof, which is covered in rounded rocks and debris, while others focus on the inside. After a while the roof is cleared and I sense that several other volunteers have cleaned up the inside. They are all clean, young, white folks who have salvaged the building. I am talking to one blond guy and he says that about 40 people restored the building into working order, all done in one day.

Comments:

I suspect the sequence of the dream is really backwards: That we fixed up the building first and then were asked to write the self evaluations, followed by the woman thanking me for my volunteer work. Of course, in dreams, one can never be sure of the sequence of events, and time is flexible in the dream realms. I suspect too that the recent storm damage in Florida contributed to the theme of the dream.

October 10, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm standing with my wife, Char, on a street in a downtown area. We are waiting in front of a busy area with storefronts and restaurants. There's a small crowd of people standing in a store entryway not far from us. I see Ella Emhoff there talking with friends. (Ella is one of the children of Doug Emhoff, wife of Kamala Harris, the Vice President.) I whisper to Char that Ella is there. When I look again at Char I see that she has been to the dentist and has bright silvery braces on both her upper and lower teeth. This surprises me.

Dream 2:

I'm thinking that I want to be a sound recording person for a music band. I find myself in a big warehouse that doubles as practice studio for this large band. The warehouse is filled with shelves and storage boxes, but the band equipment too is full of instruments, amps, and other junk. This renders the whole place as a big mess, including furniture and debris everywhere. I find myself listening to the band practice. I hear one piano play a series of chords followed by another piano echoing the same chords, maybe one octave higher in scale. I'm thinking there's just too much equipment here. No band needs TWO pianos.

I'm laying flat on a bunch of blankets atop some wooden structure off to the side. I'm still thinking the band has just too much overlap and extra instruments that they don't need. Wondering if I could operate a musical mixer console. But now, I have to go to the bathroom. I go off to the side and find the equally messy and dirty bathroom. I lift the toilet cover to pee, then look at my fingers and find a couple specks of worrisome brown goo on my fingers, and just want to get out of there. As I exit, I see there is a room off to the side of the bathroom. Two band members, a young man and woman, are in there and they accuse me of spying on them, as they were obviously sneaking to a romantic tryst in that room. I deny that I was spying on them.

Walking back to my perch on the blankets, I encounter some of the band members. One asks me if I want to participate somehow in the practice session. I tell him I'm still just scouting out this sound-man gig and that I'll come back another time to follow up. I also meet the leader of the band. He's a punk rock type of musician, and he's got long metal spikes coming out of his skull, about 20 of them, as part of his rock persona. I indicate to him too that I'm just not ready yet to commit to this support role.

I decide to go back home. I see that this studio/warehouse is on a busy street,

maybe 42nd Street in Manhattan. I walk east looking for the subway. I ask someone “Where is the IRT station?” (Currently the names of the subway lines in NYC have changed. They don’t use the old terms such as IRT, BMT, IND, etc.) A woman points down the street and I go to enter the subway. I remember I have to buy some tokens, but I don’t know how much they cost nowadays. I want to get just \$10 or \$20 worth of tokens so I’ll have more for the future.

October 11, 2024.

Nightmare:

I’m a law officer or some kind of prosecutor. I’m being targeted by some kind of revenge group. They have rockets, machine guns and other arms pointed at us from a building just across the street from our location. I look across out of my window and I see a baby in diapers manning a machine gun. For an instant I think it could be my own son when he was a child.

Eventually, they capture me. They are trying to humiliate me by making me wear large boxes on my feet. They then cover the boxes and my upper body with aluminum foil, to make me look like a clown. I suspect I’ll go along with it so they don’t kill me.

Comments:

This dream was definitely stimulated by a crime show on television the night before. Law enforcement officers were being killed by a person seeking revenge. The show did not include the humiliation part where I was covered in tin foil.

October 12, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a school. I'm a young man at a college. I meet my girlfriend while both of us are in a bookstore. She goes outside and sits on a bench in the corner of the building. I want to join her but another college student snags me to play a game indoors. He has 3 of us seated across from him at a table. We each have a bowl of water and he's throwing things across the table. We are supposed to catch them in our bowl. I'm tired of his silly game and I walk out, again to find my girlfriend.

I hear a rumor that my son is also there in the school. I look around for him. Instead I see a red-haired girl that I've seen somewhere before. I'm glad to be in the same class with her. Meanwhile, it seems I bought some item from a woman at a garage sale. The stuff she sold me includes a white box. I start to unpack the box and find some interesting things inside, including some books, toys and two small guitars. One guitar is perfectly tuned with 6 strings, but all are pushed down to the lower side. It plays nicely and I strum out a tune, La Vie En Rose. The other guitar is small, like a ukulele and it has a tinny sound. I'm playing just outside the book store. Then I go inside to meet other people. I remember I left the guitars out on the patio in front of the store. I go out to look for them and someone has taken them. I resign myself to the loss.

Now I start looking for that girlfriend again. I go out to the bench where she was sitting. Now there are two tall guys and a lady there. I ask them where the girl is. They have no idea what I'm talking about. I estimate it's time to go back home. I start walking east to get to the subway station. I go back through the store, a Barns & Noble, looking for her, but the store is dark and closing and all the people are heading out the exit. On the street again I ask where is the 74th street station. I realize on the IRT line there is no 74th street station. Rather, there's a 72nd street station with an entryway at 74th street.

Comments:

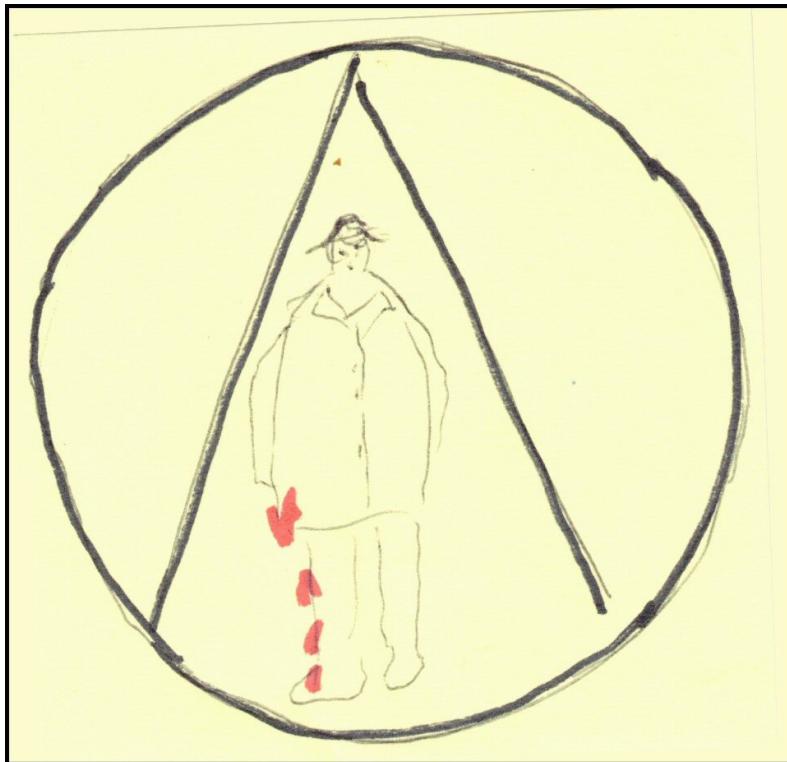
School setting usually means there is a lesson here to learn. Not at all sure what the lesson is though. Too much searching for a girlfriend. Enjoying guitar playing. Again, a train station to get home, like I'm exiting the astro-plane or something. See dream of Oct. 10th.

October 13, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in Russia. There is a protest going on. Nikita Krushchev is in charge. Somehow I know I'm an American and I can get away with joining the protest. On the sidewalk I see a rough circle and I want to draw a peace sign. I don't get it quite right. (See image.) I draw Krushchev inside the circle. As I'm drawing it the black ink of my pen turns red, and it looks as if blood is dripping from his right hand, **Figure 9**.

Figure 9. Dictator with blood dripping from hand.



Dream 2:

I'm eating a Mexican dinner. It's mostly rice and beans. Then there is an enchilada on top. I want to cut it up into 4 pieces so my friends can have a bite.

October 14, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large room, the reception area for a large corporation. I'm applying for a job as a Market Research statistician. I'm the first one in the room. They ask my name, as it's already in their register. The room now is suddenly filled with 43 other applicants. So, I'm thinking I have a 1 in 44 chance of getting the job, although I probably have more experience than many of the other applicants. I sit on a couch, awaiting my turn to be interviewed. The couch is crowded and I'm sitting next to a young woman as I am sleepy and start to nod off. I don't want to disturb the woman next to me by falling asleep on her shoulder.

Comment:

Market Research was my main career during my working years. I spent over 23 years in the business, working mostly with survey results and crosstabs generated by SPSS, a statistical program.

Spiritual Download.

This is a new category where the initial thoughts are most likely in the dream landscape, but I'm slowly waking up and the ideas eventually evolve into a waking thought process that is much more cerebral than the dream state. In talking to others I've come across the term Spiritual Download to describe this process, as it seems to fit the idea that a spiritual or subconscious construct becomes more fleshed out as the rational mind translates the concepts presented in the dream state.

I've read probably over 5000 Near-death Experience (NDE) reports, mostly from the International Association of Near-death Experiences (IANDS.org), and the website of Dr. Jeffrey Long, the Near-death Experience Research Foundation, (NDERF.org), but also from many books on the subject.

Because of my decades in studying this fascinating subject, I'm thinking of writing a book to summarize the take-away points from these reports.

I'm thinking of the first chapter, or perhaps the Introduction of covering the abstract nature of the subconscious mind that is evident in dreams. The best

example might be the common element of “the barrier” in NDE reports. This is where the soul, in it’s travels out of the body, encounter some kind of impassible barrier, such as a doorway, a gate, or invisible force field. In ancient times this was symbolized by the River Styx. Nowadays it’s more often described as the pearly gates.

Likewise, encountering a white light is the most common element in NDEs. And of course this is highly symbolic of enlightenment, knowledge, the love of God, etc. Like the barrier, these are all the essence of the idea, or more correctly the spirit of the idea that can take any number of forms.

October 15, 2024.

Dream:

A man is showing me a large clear plastic tube. It’s about 3-inches around and maybe 15 inches long. Inside is a murky greenish liquid with froth on top and yucky looking. Later he show me another one and this time the liquid inside is more clean and transparent. Finally I see him with three or more tubes. They are red, or maybe there is clean red blood inside.

Comments:

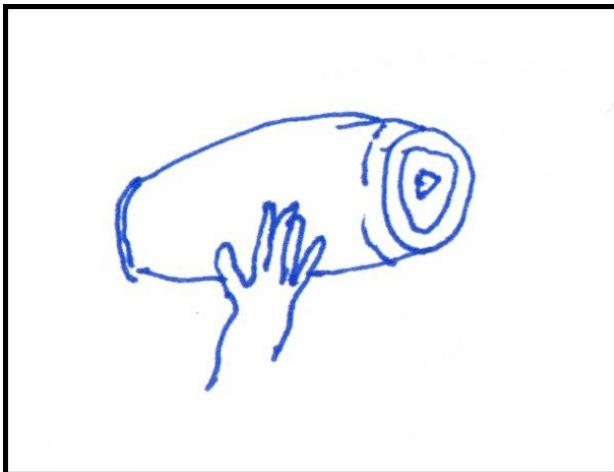
Today I go to the hospital clinic for lab work. They sometimes take more than one vial of blood, for different tests. I suspect the dream anticipates me going to the lab. With the fluid going from murky to bright red, I’m hoping that my blood values are improving. We’ll see.

October 16, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see people carrying a power device. It supplies energy somehow. It may even help people fly. It seems to be a future invention, **Figure 10**. It looks like a small tube, sucking air in one end and exerting a force from the rear, like a jet engine only portable and much quieter.

Figure 10. Portable energy device.



Dream 2, Powerful “High” dream:

I’m trying to get home. I’m on a difficult path with many snares and obstacles. It’s mainly a dirt path but littered with sharp rocks, broken concrete, and physical barriers. There are streams of people ahead and behind me. We are like refugees escaping difficult conditions. I come to the underside of a broken bridge. There is a Mexican man there showing people how climb over these concrete slaps and cross a river.

I’m walking on a levee near the river. I come across this monster. It’s an abomination of mixed animals. It has the head of a fox with pointed teeth that are snapping at me. The left side of its face is disfigured and withered, but somehow the beauty of the fox head is still present, and I’m not afraid of it but I don’t want it to bite me. Its neck and torso look like a big fish, and it swings the head from side to side trying to snag me. It seems to be riding on some kind of carriage that is moving along the path. See **Figure 11**.

I calculate if I can knock the carriage on its side I might be able to prevent it from moving. I’m able to grab the fox head by the snout, closing its mouth. Then I can knock over the whole cart. I see underneath are four legs, and two struts, like the wheels of senior citizens’ walker, with 3 inch rubber wheels on the bottom.

To my surprise, I see that the fox monster is on the back of this perfectly formed boy, about 10 years old. I can see the fox monster has human feet with shoes on them. I figure if I can get its shoes off it will not be able to walk on this gravel path with all the sharp rocks and obstacles. I get them off and I see its feet are already damaged, apparently from walking on this rough terrain. Its feet are mangled and bloodied, where the toes have been damaged by the sharp rocks. Meanwhile, the monster is still trying to attack me. He has implanted some spikes in the heels of his feet and he’s trying to butt the back of his heels to stab me. I am just out of range, however, and I almost have this beast subdued.

As we are struggling, the normal human boy has slipped away to the side of the road. He has taken some leaves from a nearby bush and is crushing them into some kind of poultice or salve. He’s applying this mixture to the seat where the fox monster was using as a platform on the boy’s back. I assume he’s going to apply it also to the monstrous parts of this creature, the distorted head and body. I suddenly realize that this monster is actually the malformed body of his older brother. The young boy, despite the many miles of torture, carrying his

malevolent older brother, has totally forgiven his brother for the abuse and sets about to heal this broken brother. I sense that all is well with them.

I move on further along this rocky path and find myself in the basement of a nearby church, or possibly a monastery. There's a raised stone slab, possibly a bench from the monastery, and I lay down there to rest. There is the most beautiful music echoing from this holy place and I get to thinking how this young boy, despite the torture from his abusive brother, nevertheless turns around and heals him, forgives him, and strives to make him whole. What an awesome act of kindness! Now the divine music gets louder and I sense the angels are rejoicing at this young boy's heavenly attitude. I'm swept up by the music and the healing and I start singing. It's all in harmony with the music. I'm weeping with joy and thanksgiving as I sing "God is great! God is great." I wake up with an awestruck feeling.

Comments:

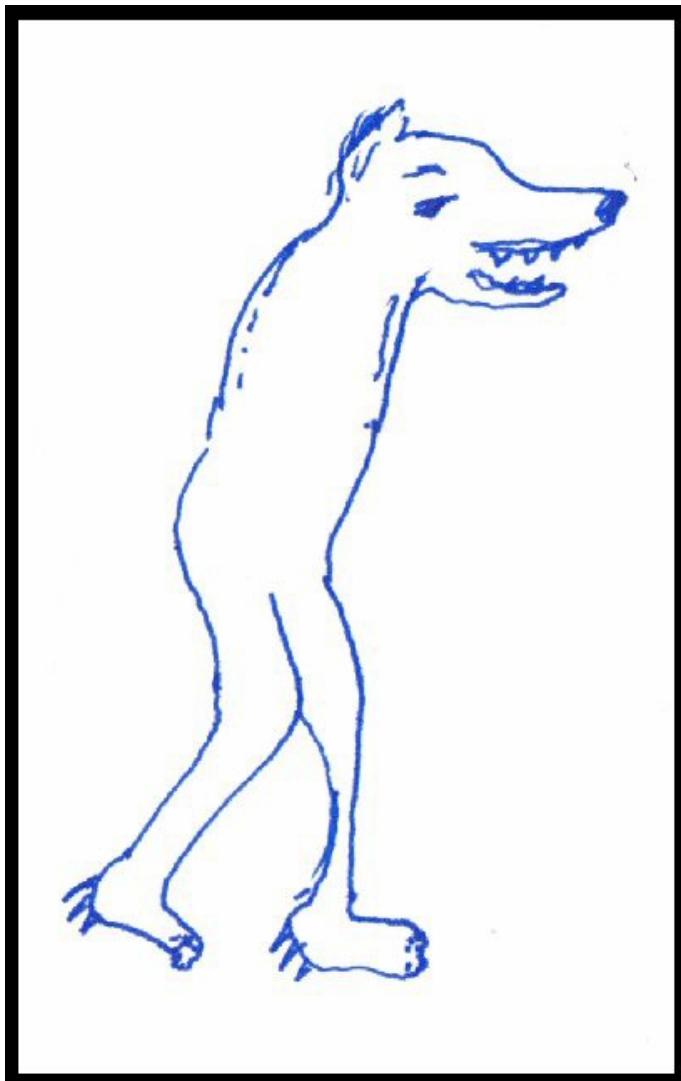
In the beginning, it feels like we are political refugees, maybe even crossing the Darian Gap, but there's no jungle around. I feel the Mexican man helping refugees as a guide of some kind. Even as I fight this monster, I see some beauty in the fox's mangled features. The younger brother's kindness, despite being tortured, had a profound effect as I wake up. On another level, I see this difficult trek and the challenges of monsters and hardship as a reflection of our soul's journey on this difficult planet. I wonder, too, if the word "salve" may be an oblique reference to "salvation." Is it possible we are here to learn the lesson of forgiveness from this little, innocent boy? Here, in the face of all our difficulties we can still do God's work by forgiveness and healing. Is that part of our mission? Are the angels and the heavenly host waiting and watching in anticipation of our kindness despite the trials and tribulations on our journey? See monster image.

Author's Note:

This is one of those dreams that indicates to me that this is a real communication from the spirit realms. For some of my dreams, I wonder if they are real messages from spirit, or as Freud would have us believe, they are mere wish fulfillment fantasies. I prefer to think of the more recent interpretation expressed by Carl Jung, where some dreams are directly derived from the "collective consciousness." That is, the group mind of the entire human species. This particular dream is way beyond my mental vocabulary. If I were asked to write a fantasy I would not even come close to details and significance of this dream. This leads me to believe this is a genuine message from spirit. This feeling is

reinforced by the aura of awe and peace I felt upon awakening.

Figure 11. Fox-headed monster.



October 17, 2024.

Dream:

I'm a soldier in some kind of army. We are on horseback. We are in training. We have to teach the horse we have to respond to some basic signals based on voice commands. These are commands for basic behaviors, such as turn left, turn right, stop, etc. I'm given a paper sheet with letters on them. For example: EEEE, EEEE-EEEE, AAAH, double and triple AAAH, etc. It seems we have only a week or so to teach our mounts these commands, as we are about to go into battle soon. It seems like we're in an army from the historical past, but the paper we receive is in English, so it must be in recent history.

October 18, 2024:

Dream:

I'm at a table processing photographic images. I'm using cut-and-paste to resize and touch up my photographs. Later, I'm reading a magazine. It's mostly print. Again, I have a feeling of cut-and-paste different parts of the articles.

Comment:

This is much of what I do in my daily life. I write a lot and take lots of photos that need post-processing.

October 19, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a church that I've never been in before. It may be a Mormon church. I'm sitting in a pew surrounded by other people, listening to a sermon or possibly a lecture. It seems the tradition here is to listen to the talk then to break up into smaller units. Not knowing anyone, I'm not sure if I will get invited to any group, but eventually a group of about 5 people have joined me and we start talking.

Another rule of this group is that you can choose a role of any one of the characters that were described in the sermon, or you could just be yourself and express your opinions. A third option is that you can take on the role of anyone else in the group. It seems to be a scenario where you can take on the persona of anyone you want. This is a confusing but oddly liberating way to approach any topic you want to discuss.

Comments:

This reminds me of the concept of reincarnation and the ability to see reality from any perspective you want to; a form of switching bodies and minds reminiscent of concepts I've seen in Near-death experience reports. For example, a bully beats up a classmate. In his life review he was shown and felt the hurt and emotions of the boy he abused. He became the victim. The same thing happened when the boy returned home and his mother saw his bloody face. In the life review, he became the mother, or at least adopted the feelings and experience of the mother, as she nearly collapsed at the sight of her battered son. This seems to be the "punishment," or the facing of responsibility, in the afterlife: That you get to experience the effects that your actions have had on others.

October 21, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in an open-air waiting room at a hospital. There's a counter where you check in. I'm there to get an eye-exam. The waiting area is outdoors where you can see the sky. The man behind the desk, I believe the eye exam doctor, looks at me with a smiling face. He's pleasant with a big smile and a light red beard and mustache. He says, "You look tired."

I replay that "I was hiking." The he goes away and I'm waiting for the exam, but he doesn't show up

Comments:

I wake up with tired eyes. This clearly refers to an eye exam I have scheduled for later today.

October 22, 2024.

Dream:

I in a cold country, way up north, like Sweden or even the North Pole. Several of us are in a class, and I'm speaking. I'm trying to teach the others in the class about the concept of oneness, that we are all really one mind inhabiting many different bodies. That there is only one "Son of God." I think this idea is over their heads. I switch to the theory that angels or extraterrestrials or some kind of inter-dimensional light beings modified early man in the Garden of Eden, altering our DNA to include lighter skin, blond hair, blue eyes, and greater intelligence. I see, however, that there are two young East Indian girls who are almost Black in skin color, and I'm afraid if I expound on this idea that they would be insulted. I start wondering if I should address an audience that might be more open to this theory than the general population, or drop the idea completely. I find myself carrying off to another room. Not at all sure why.

Comments:

Err! Complex subject. Makes me wonder if I need more research or deeper understanding of such ideas.

October 23, 2024.

Dream:

The setting seems like the late 1800s. I'm a nurse in a hospital that has been set up amid a crash site. There's been a train wreck and I'm taking care of a patient who seems to be in a coma, but physically stable. The area where the train crashed is a mess of metal and wood. Local residents are going through the wreckage trying to steal or salvage anything of value. Fortunately, we were able to secure this person onto a hospital bed. He seems like an officer in a blue uniform.

I call the family of this man to tell them that he is in fairly good medical condition, but they yell at me, saying they already know this from telemetry readings. I feel embarrassed by this rebuke. I want to call them back to ask if we should have a doctor's order to turn the patient every four hours (q4h) to prevent bed sores.

Comments:

Odd, since we did not have medical telemetry in the late 1800s. There is a hint, on waking, that I am the patient. I was awakened by a shout, which I thought was a real cry in the material world, but there was no such sound in the bedroom. This could be a suggestion to pay attention to this dream. Am I the wreckage!? Ha, ha!

The blue uniform suggests this was around the time of the Civil War.

October 24, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see a twisted blob of beige material, like bread dough, and it's being molded and pulled and folded into different forms. It transforms into a scene of destruction, like a war zone in Gaza or Lebanon. The street is littered with broken concrete and debris and is strewn with paper money. It seems the money is as worthless as the destroyed building.

Dream 2:

I'm in a class of five or six people. It's being led by a famous actor from television, Gary Busey. The students are each getting seven blocks of wood cut from a tree. Each block, roughly 16 inches long and 12 inches in diameter, is being cut in front of us by a man wielding a chain saw. It seems this man will be using his chain saw skills to carve objects at our individual instructions. I'm not sure if this will be art pieces, or sculptures, or something else. The first piece he carves for me he saws right down the middle. I get the impression that the two halves of my first piece will have inscriptions carved into them. This will be some kind of writing, supposedly of a wise saying or some spiritual truth, like the Ten Commandments. It would then be shaped further and hung on a wall.

Comments:

The first dream may be motivated by the war footage seen daily on the television news shows. Not sure what this means, but it reminds me of the readings by psychic Edgar Cayce. He states that "mind is the builder," and "thoughts are things." In other words, the thoughts we have, especially repeated thoughts, eventually create our perceived reality. So, thoughts of war, like bread dough can be "baked in" to form our worldly experiences. Just a theory, but interesting.

The second dream, with a classroom setting, suggests this is a lesson to be learned. Part of my interests and career involve writing. I wonder, like the first dream, if I'm supposed to channel my spiritual thoughts into writing about ethical principles. Like carved into stone, but wood, being less permanent, maybe just my speed.

October 25, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in Paris with extended family members. We are occupying a 3-story building and getting ready to go explore the city. Unfortunately, the group as a whole is lazy and disorganized, some reading newspapers, others just idling around. I urge them to get going so we can see the sights, because I haven't even seen the Eiffel Tower at night.

A group of them finally get it together enough to head out, but now I'm behind them, trying to catch up. I'm distracted by a group of locals sitting on the side of the street on chairs. I engage in conversation with them, telling them about the false wallet I once made to turn the tables on any would-be pickpocket. I then realize I have to catch up to my other family members, but I'm lost. I'm walking along a downward sloping street in a poor neighborhood of Paris. There are cheap food stands with lame pizza and off-brand soda for sale.

I see a man sitting at a picnic table and two thugs are harassing him, trying to steal from him. I yell at the two thugs, but then they start to come after me. One has a club, so I walk away. As I pass the other fellow he exposes a gun on his hip. The gun is a revolver and you can see the cartridge with long bullets, like rifle ammo, signifying a powerful shot. I finally walk back up the street. I'm trying to call my family on my cell phone, but the screen displays are not the same and I'm having difficulty communicating.

Comments:

Yet another in a series of dreams about Paris. Also, a theme of getting organized, a sign I have to get organized myself in the tasks I've set before me. The downward sloping street with cheap food is probably dietary advice. Threats of violence is yet another theme, probably my own anger at the upcoming presidential election. There is also concern for not being able to communicate with my family, even if we are in Paris.

Dream 2:

I'm in a backyard garden. Not at my house. There are a multitude of beautiful vine plants, like Morning Glories, only in this case the flowers are small and

yellow. As I walk around the side of the house I see several more of these plants, all flourishing.

October 26, 2024.

“High” Dream:

I’m in a school, a university or college campus. I enter a room where Jewish people are congregating. I’m at the front desk of this room. There are five or six students there and they seem to be of mixed race. One fellow is pretty dark and I ask if we’ve met before, but he says no. Then a shorter White fellow is there. He catches me looking at a square of chocolate that is in front of us on the desk. The chocolate is dark brown, but has Hebrew letters on it, suggesting it’s a holy text for the Jewish people, maybe even the Ten Commandments.

This student seems to be challenging me, as if I’m invading the meeting they are having, but we talk more and he becomes engaged and less hostile. I’m asking him to explain the meaning and the significance of these words in English so a larger audience might be able to appreciate Jewish history.

I go to another room. This one is a long hall decorated extravagantly with fine art, gold plaques, in a very beautiful display. There are several students in easy chairs in the hall. A wise professor is with me and we sit together on a small couch. We seem to be talking about religion and metaphysical matters.

I say to him that I will demonstrate something to him and I stretch out my hands, palms down, and begin to levitate into the air. I find myself way at the top of this ornate room, my hand running across some of the many golden texts and ancient wisdom sayings even high up here at the upper reaches of the room. I know everyone is watching me. I get back down to the couch and tell the professor, “That was not to show off, but rather to open people’s minds to the reality of other dimensions and the powers that God has given all of us.” The professor starts to give an alternate explanation, but now most of the students in the room have left, as if not interested in his material explanation of how the universe works.

Comments:

This stretching out of my hands occurs quite often in my high dreams. Sometimes I see light coming from the palms of my hands, and like rocket jets, if my palms are facing down, I will lift upward, pointed right, I will move to the left, etc. This is accompanied by a glorious feeling.

The setting in a school of higher learning is a sign of there being a lesson here, especially when engaging with fellow students and professors.

October 28, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see very large spools being stacked. They are the shape of spools of thread, but no thread, just the wooden spools, about 12 inches in diameter and 18 inches high.

Neighbors are doing something nice for me. I want to pay them for this. I'm thinking maybe \$100 each. I go to some kind of online service app to do this.

October 29, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a nice restaurant with family friend Mary P, who lost her husband recently. We are in a booth, and off to the side I see a large black box, and I know it's her husband, but all we can see is the box. It doesn't seem like he's really there, just an emblem of him in the form of the box. I am standing next to her, but not saying anything. On the other side is a woman with dirty blond hair. It may be her sister, but slimmer.

Mary is weeping uncontrollably, with her shoulders shaking. It's like she is saying goodbye to him. Then, her weeping subsides and she starts singing. Her voice is strong and steady as she sings Whitney Houston's hit song, *I will always love you*. And this heart-felt song seems to transform her, and releases her from the pain of this loss. As the song ends, she has trouble voicing the ending low notes, and her voice cracks. Not sure if this is due to her range not being low enough to reach those notes, or possibly some residual sorrow from the weeping episode. Under the table she kicks me, as if to say "Shut up, and don't say a thing about my singing!" It's said in a joking tone, and the friendly kick seems to convey a whole new feeling, like she's been released from the tortuous grief.

She feels so much better that she gets up and walks toward the exit. We all follow her to the glass doors of the restaurant. She stops, and looking back at the other people in the restaurant. She wants to apologize if her crying upset any of the other customers. That's how kind and considerate this woman really is.

Dream 2:

I'm sitting at a table with three older guys on my left. We are all having lunch, which is some kind of soup. They seem much older than me. They have thinning hair and skin that seems to be stretched over their skulls. They are talking about getting old. I finish my soup and get up, telling them I'm not worried about facing death, (because I believe so strongly in an afterlife). I get up from my chair and as I walk out of the lunch room I encounter a younger man, tall and with a full head of hair. I want to tell him about my belief in the spiritual world to come, but he does not seem interested, so I walk on by.

October 30, 2024.

Dream:

A teacher or guide is holding a piece white card or possibly a piece of paper about 14 inches square. There are holes in it on one side. There is an invisible cloud of steam coming up from below the card. He is trying to demonstrate how steam can be harnessed into productive work.

October 31, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a rural Russian town. I'm there to take pictures. I see an oddly shaped old, rusty tower. This tower, for some reason, is the pride of the town, and someone is saluting it as a venerated symbol of the past. I'm there to record an election,

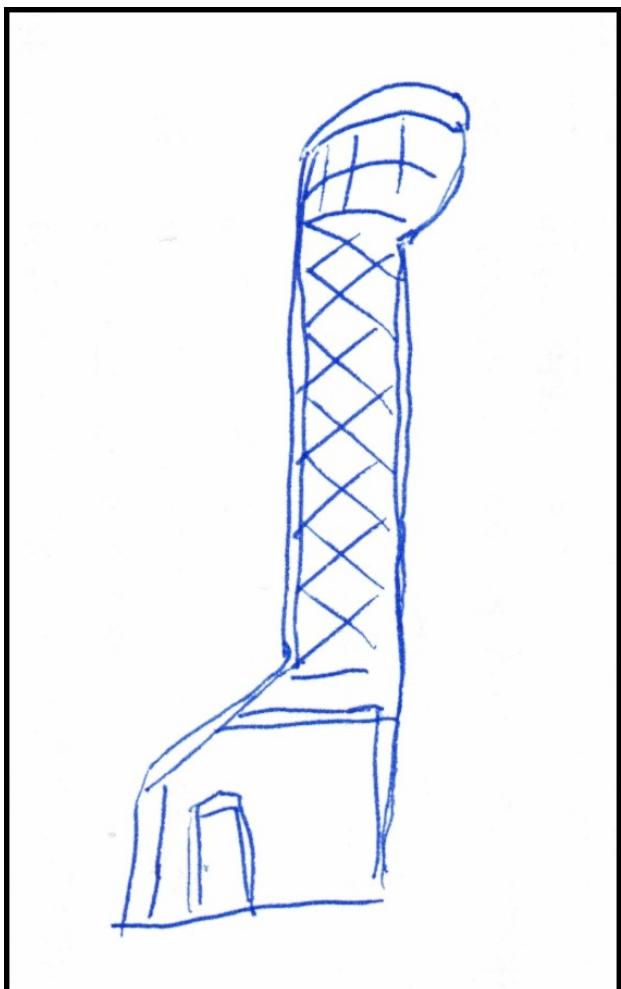
Figure 12.

Next, I'm in Ukraine. I'm looking down on the town from a very high position. I see a train depot, and I fear the Russians are going to bomb it. I realize, however, that I'm wearing some kind of artificial intelligence (AI) goggles and what I'm seeing is actually a projection from the goggles onto the town far below. It is preventing me from seeing the real town.

Comments:

The first part of the dream strongly reflects some teachings from A Course in Miracles, that all we are really seeing is in the past. We are not seeing present reality. The second part continues some spiritual teachings, that what we believe to be the material world is mostly a projection of the ideas we have in our head about external environment. There are even newly discovered books of the Bible (the Gospel of Thomas?) where it is reported that someone asks Jesus, "Where is the Kingdom of Heaven." Jesus replies something along the lines of, "It is laid out before you, but you fail to see it." All this got me wondering about the nature of our material reality, and the distinct possibility that the spiritual realm is the only reality. The rest is but a dream.

Figure 12. Steel tower in a remote Russian town.



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November 1, 2024.

Dream 1:

A man is being disciplined by his kind boss. He is put up onto a loft above the boss's desk with a twisted nylon rope around his neck in order to restrain him to the loft. The boss talks kindly but firmly to the fellow. I too want to talk to the fellow, but then I just leave. The man seems improved by the words from his boss.

Dream 2:

Next, I'm in a small town. It seems like somewhere in rural Europe. It seems to have junk strewn about everywhere, almost like a junk yard. There is a tall tower that is leaning precariously, and I see smoke from a bomb that has just exploded. As I leave the town I'm being chased by two dogs. The town is almost fully vacated, but there is a religious sect living at one end. The religious people from the sect use the dogs for protection. They come running up and save me from the dogs, as I have no intention of harming them.

Dream 3:

I find myself traveling in a car. I leave the main highway to go up a steep embankment in order to reach a shortcut. But the car doesn't quite make it up the hill, so I head back to the main highway. I stop at a hotel for a rest. I'm looking for and eating food before I go to sleep. This type of hotel has just one large room with a string of single beds, side by side, I go to sleep in one of the beds. I wake up (in the dream) with an urge to get up and record my dreams.

Again, I'm in the bed, half asleep. I see that another young couple has mistakenly slept in my bed, while I'm in the bed next to them. I peek out through half closed eyes and watch them, so they are not stealing my luggage. I get up and start going through my luggage. They apologize and there is no harm done. I expect to arrive home soon so I'm picking out the clothes I want to be wearing

when I get there. As I'm sorting through my clothes I see one black jacket: it's too heavy and hot. I opt for a lighter shirt and head out.

Comments:

The first dream seems to my continuing concern about the war in Ukraine and other states in eastern Europe. The traveling back home – a common theme – I think refers to the transition of awareness from the spirit realms to material reality. Just my theory, anyway.

November 2, 2024.

Dream:

There are three doctors in a room with three patients sleeping on flat surfaces. The sleep is more like suspended animation, because the doctors are able to manipulate the bodies of the people sleeping. It's as if they can alter things through software programming. The doctors, fortunately, really care for the patients and they want to adopt them as their own.

Comments:

OK, call me crazy, but this seems to reflect the (currently) minority view that we are living in a simulation, a matrix, where we believe we are disconnected from our Creator and each other. The Doctors are our spirit guides, overseeing the current transformation that lifts the veil and re-unites us with the spiritual realms, where we are all one.

November 3, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a school where people are signing up for different musical classes. I want to sign up to be a drummer. A musician I knew a long time ago is teaching the class. We start off with basics, like how to hold the drumsticks. The right hand is easy, but the left hand grip is something I'm not familiar with. I realize this class is probably way too ambitious to me. I tell the instructor. "Even the snare drum would take me over a month to learn. I think it's best that I drop the class and learn some of the basic before I get involved."

Comments:

I'm not sure what this means. I've never had any interest in playing the drums. It may reflect my getting into something that is beyond my capabilities, but I don't know what that is.

November 4, 2024.

Dream:

I'm sitting at a long desk with doctors all around me. We are looking at X-ray films on a large light screen above the desk. We see one woman has a pregnancy gone wrong. All the doctors recommend a hysterectomy.

Comments:

This probably stimulated by the controversy over women's rights, which is a major topic in the elections coming up tomorrow.

November 5, 2024: Election Day.

Dream:

I'm sleeping in bed and I feel there is some kind of electrical switch on the side of my let. I goggle the switch and I get the impression that 31,000 of lumber has been delivered.

Comments:

This makes no sense to me. It may refer to the heavy weight of election day. But why wood?

November 6, 2024.

Dream:

I meet a man who seems to have a history with me. He claims to be my friend but I've been on the receiving end of some shady deals with him. He's young, blond, very slick and active. He invites me to a fine restaurant. We eat a little

something, but we never received the menu. Now, he seems to be gone and has left me the check. At the last minute he shows up, and complains about the service we received. He shows me the check, and he writes “Normal” where the tip line appears, meaning there is no tip for the waiters. The total is \$287 and he expects me to pay. He says something about “I’ll sell the whole world,” meaning he will sell everything he has to pay me back. I’m not falling for that! I walk away and notice some chocolate desserts are on a shelf and I eat a few of them. I have a view of orange cake.

Comments:

Seems like the fear of being swindled, which has happened to me in the past. Sweet temptations suggest dietary advice.

November 7, 2024.

Dream:

I’m looking at puzzles. The first is what looks like a wall of large turquoise rocks, stacked in a pile. On closer inspection, I see they are a bunch of pillow cases stashed into a frame. The pillow cases are all dyed in varying shades of turquoise to make them look like the variations in real such specimens.

The second is a word game, something like the Wheel of Fortune television show. I’m shown several blank spaces with just two letters showing and I have to guess the word. I’ve had experiences like this solving cross-word puzzles. The word puzzle looks like: _ N _ _ _ D _ . I look at it for a while and finally figure out that it’s KNOWLEDGE. It was difficult because before the letter N you’d expect to see a vowel, or possibly the letter S.

Comments:

I’m not at all sure what this means – the reference to illusions, and possibly a strategy to help me with my almost daily cross-word hobby.

November 8, 2024.

Dream:

I'm with a large group of people at some kind or classy event. The hosts, including Trump, are urging us to sign up for an extended cruise on a ship. I'm looking at the fine print on a brochure for the cruise and it indicates the cost is \$485 per day. With it being a long cruise, I feel it's way too expensive and I decline the offer.

November 9, 2024.

Dream:

There seems to be an object, like an airplane wing, stuck in a sand bar just below the surface of the water under ocean waves. I'm operating a crane and I can pull things from the wreckage of this object. As I lift things from this object I see that I can pull treasures from this thing. I pull at least two different treasures from this thing.

November 10, 2024.

Dream:

I'm sitting in a lounge area – lots of chairs and comfortable small sofas. The entire crowd is very friendly and chummy. There is a man with a microphone standing in front of us. He points it at different people, and each in turn begins to sing. I watch a middle-aged woman sing softly

Next, I'm in a large house populated with same kind of friendly people, like a party atmosphere. Some are singing. I see Ethel Merman in a crowd with friends. I wave to her. I'm waiting for her to belt out a song. Soon she sings "Daisy, Daisy." I go back again later to see where she is. I find her in bed with a friend, sleeping. I want to hear more music, but she's sleeping.

Comments:

This feels like the fellowship of heaven. People singing and friendly to each other. In the last scene I feel like I'm hovering over the bed, looking down at a

sleeping couple. I awake with the impression that this was an out-of-body view looking down at me and my wife, sleeping in bed.

November 11, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in an audience. We are seeing a slide show depicting several birds. We are supposed to vote on them. One bird stands out: a white bird that looks like an Arizona Road Runner, except it's all white with red patches on its wings.

Comments:

Not at all sure what this means, but most likely related to the recent presidential election. Maybe, because birds are flighty and hard to pin down, this might suggest the illusory nature of the material world. I'm reminded of a quote from psychologist Carl Jung (paraphrasing): "Look outward and see a dream: Look inward and awaken (from it)." This may also refer to my bird-watching hobby.

November 12, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm a cat trainer visiting homes that need help with their cat. In the first home, I pick up the cat by the scruff of the neck, let him hang there for a few seconds, and he seems to become more obedient.

At the next home, I do the same thing, but after a few seconds the cat is running around the house out of control. I pick him again by the neck and this time he seems much more compliant.

Dream 2:

I'm in an electronics store looking at scooters and devices that a person can use to travel on with an electric motor. Some are like boxes that you stand on and control somehow. There are at least three different models. I seem to have my son with me, or possibly my younger brother. Their identities seem to merge or alternate.

As I walk around the store, looking at things, I notice a sign near the front door. It indicates that the winner of a contest is me! I have won one of the modern electric scooters. They list the model numbers as EFDX-1, or possibly EDHX-1 or -2. I look for my son/brother to help me, but I cannot find him. I turn to the other store employees for help. They tell me I have to find Hank, who is in charge of the contest. I ask several people where Hank is, but I don't find him.

Comments:

Dream 1 is quite unusual for me, as I don't currently have much control of my own quite independent cat. On waking I again remember a quote I saw lately from Carl Jung; see yesterday's, November 11, dream. It seems I have to conquer my animal instincts. At the same time, waking in the middle of the night from this dream, I found a lot of comfort in meditating on a quotation from A Course in Miracles: "I am spirit, I am free. I'm still as God created me." I found that thinking about being spirit, not a body, I could imagine myself surrounded by an aura of light, of spiritual energy that protects me from the angst of this recent presidential election.

For dream 2, the feeling seems to be that I've won a merit badge of some kind, that I can move about independently and travel about. This may also refer to controlling my thoughts and trusting in my spiritual judgments.

November 13, 2024.

Dream:

I'm floating down a river that's running fairly smoothly through a rural, wooded area. There are hills on both sides. Next I find myself high above the boat I'm in the air, looking down on myself from about 500 feet up. I can see that the river has lots of twists and turns, including an almost 90-degree turn up ahead of me.

Comments:

I can only guess that this has something to do with the path I'm on following the stunning win by Donald Trump. The 90-degree turn may be an indication that things will go sideways, or change direction in the near future.

After nap dream:

My wife and I are driving in a car. We're going to a party. On the way there, as we are walking, a young black woman, driving in a convertible with a little white dog, stops to ask where Mary's house is. I give her the address, which is right down the street from where we are walking. It seems Mary is having a party. I'm just slightly miffed that she didn't invite us. She is greeting guests, but then sits down at a table facing us. It seems she's been drinking, as she has slightly slurred words. Then she has to go off and greet other guests.

November 14, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm sitting in a chair in front of a vista of nature. It seems like a test, where I have to name the trees I am seeing in the landscape.

Dream 2:

I'm roaming the halls of a hotel within a casino complex. I come across a room where my brother Dave is playing some kind of board game with his friend. I make a joke by asking this man, "How can you even be friends with this man!?" This refers to a habit of my brother to often be a loose cannon, coming out with wild statements. The joke goes unanswered, but I know my brother appreciates my sense of humor.

I feel like I have plenty of money in my pocket, and I want to go back to the room where my wife is, and I'm trying to call her. My phone, however, is not working. Taking a look at it I see it's a very old phone with no screen, so I can't get a message service from it. I eventually get back to our room and I ask my wife if she wants to play some slot machines.

November 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm flying high above city blocks, looking down at the buildings. It seems I have to go the personnel department for some reason.

I'm at a beach. Somehow I see the sand just below the waves. Silt has built up on the sand.

Comments:

I'm only recalling snippets of dreams lately. I'm sleeping fitfully, wondering if the election of Donald Trump spells the beginning of the "End Times" of Christian lore. More flying up in the air might suggest astral travel.

November 17, 2024.

Dream:

I'm at neighbor J's house, where I've been cat sitting the last few days. I'm on their couch, resting, and surprised that they've come back early. J is sitting on a different couch with a young girl. They are joking about some mucus-like material near J's lip. I think I know what they are referring to, and I point at the young girl as if to jokingly say "shame on you."

Then I see that her husband has come home too, and he's just getting out of the shower with a towel around his legs. I feel it's high time I that I should leave. I give them back the keys I had to get into their house.

November 18, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a large room with several round tables. Several people are seated at each table. A young woman sitting about two tables away from me is making eye contact with me. It seems we have a history of friendship, and we're supposed to meet later at a social event.

Dream 2:

I see Father Todd, the previous minister at my church, and he's walking along the sidewalk with bags of luggage and a duffel bag, other luggage. They seem to be filled with sports equipment, most likely for some church event. He seems tired and over-burdened. I ask him if he needs help, but he seems determined to carry on. On the street where he is walking is a small truck, also covered with

bags and luggage. Two brown-skinned guys are trying to load even more packages on top of this truck. One of them I can see through the truck window to the other side. He throws a bag on the truck and it rolls over to my side, so I throw it back. I see him smiling through the window, like this is some kind of game. Yet, he seem friendly, not hostile.

I see Father Todd again and he's still struggling with the bags. I tell him to take a rest and the next thing I know he's sleeping in bed next to me. On the other side of his bed is our current minister, Mother Anne, and she lays down next to him with her arm around him to comfort him. It's a show a caring, nothing sexual. I am looking at them as I wake up.

Comments:

I suspect the heavy luggage is symbolic of the social difficulties we are facing with the election of Donald Trump, or possibly the difficulties of running a church. The fact that even spiritual leaders are struggling with this difficult social disruption may be a sign that the load we all carry is really burdensome. It is us who show up with old "luggage," meaning maybe we should shed some of the old burdens and ideas we've been carrying in the past. The comfort we all feel, just resting in bed, suggests some TLC is in order.

November 19, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see a man perched on a ledge maybe 15 feet above ground level. He leans forward and falls to the ground. Something about the fall seems odd, like it's not obeying the laws of physics. His arm and legs are flailing, making it appear the fall is not a smooth arc. I hear/feel a voice telling me to trace the man's center of gravity, and then I could see that this is a normal fall. I feel, upon reflection, that the man is Donald Trump.

Dream 2:

I'm traveling with my son and one other person in a car. We are way up north in California, and now we're going home. I think the car is a rental service vehicle, like Uber or Lyft. I then suddenly realize that I drove up there and my car is back where we started from. I have to go back and retrieve my own car and drive back

home. Now, however, I cannot find my car keys. They are tied by a red chord, like a shoe lace, and I think I may have dropped them before we got into the rental car.

My son says he saw the keys, but left them on a bench in the town we just left from. I retrieve the keys, but now I have to find my car to drive home.

November 20, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm outside a church. A woman who came once to the church is considering coming back. There is a thunderous, booming voice encouraging her. It seems a lot of observers in heaven cheering her on to join the church, as it should become a regular thing.

Dream 2:

I'm on a long line at an airport with my daughter. It seems we're going on a long, overseas trip. I have three bags: a suitcase, a briefcase, and a small knapsack that just might be a butt-pack. I'm waiting on line to get my boarding pass. My daughter has already gotten hers, and she's helping me get mine. I get through the line and realize I'm also holding a file-folder type briefcase that belongs to someone else. I stop a law enforcement fellow and give it to him. He in turn gives it to another official, which delays my reunion with my daughter.

Now, I'm not sure where my boarding pass is. I cannot find it in my things. I think maybe she took it with her for safe keeping. I look at the very long line to the boarding gates and I'm worried that I might not be able to catch up with her.

Comments:

In the first dream, the woman refers to someone I met at church last week. She was a recovering alcoholic, and she was visiting our church for the first time. In the back of my mind I was wondering if this religious or spiritual turn was a commitment or just a passing fancy. The dream reflects my concern for her.

The second dream is one of a series I often get about traveling, especially for a long distance flight. I'm not sure if this is a metaphor for the soul going on astral journeys and returning to the body, or perhaps a sign that my time on this planet

is coming to an end, and I'm going to what The Urantia Book calls the "Mansion Worlds."

November 22, 2024/

Dream:

I'm half asleep in a dorm at a college. It's a mixed dorm and out of the corner of the room I see another student sleeping too. She is a young Chinese girl, maybe 18 years old. Suddenly I see what looks like a large television screen and (possibly this same) female walking by. There are two orange/reddish streaks of light in the upper right corner of the screen.

Back in bed, I see her moving around the dorm room. Eventually she crawls into bed with me. I'm pretty delighted, but nothing happens between us. The next morning I find myself in a large hall with many other students. It's either a registration or maybe an orientation meeting for new students. I'm looking around the hall to see if I can identify her. In this hall is a band to help celebrate the ceremony. I see and immediately recognize a drummer in that band as the girl from the previous encounter. She talks to me and says she has always admired me. I ask "How did you know me? Was it through my son? (My son married a Chinese woman.) She nods her head in assent.

November 23, 2024.

Dream 1 (High Dream):

I'm on a long adventure where I have a cape or cloth, or piece of clothing trailing behind me and I LEAP into the air, almost flying and land softly with a blissful sense of accomplishment. First, it's with a theatrical cape, and other trailing objects. I land atop a woman on a bed, just for fun. Next, I'm in a sort of street parade. There are primitive warrior dancers there too, and we greet each other in joy, with a primitive salute from the neck to each other

I'm told by others in this theater group to return the next day, an hour before normal practice. I'm in an open spaced bar or restaurant. These three tough guys

approach me and say I owe them \$300. I'm thinking of giving them \$40 just to get them off my case.

Dream 2:

I'm in a large hotel with long, clean hallways. To one side I see a room with kitchen products, food plates and metal heating trays filled with breakfast foods. I go back later and all the food is gone. Still later I meet my son and we pass another room. Now all that food is being offered to everyone free of charge. We each get a plate of food, but now the cafeteria is full of people and chairs and it's hard to find an empty seat. We finally do sit down.

I find myself in a large college campus. I want to take pictures of the varied architecture. I gravitate toward the bathroom where I see a man who has just brushed his teeth or something as he's spitting out a white, frothy liquid. I find it disgusting. Next I'm seated on a toilet. The area around me is filthy, tinged with fecal matter. I want to get out of there. A girl helps me get out of there.

Comments:

The first dream seems like a classic out-of-body experience, where I can fly and celebrate with others.

The second dream, I think is some kind of dietary advice. The night before I ate a bowl of ice cream and it doesn't agree with me, leading to a pasty diarrhea.

November 24, 2024.

Dream:

It seems I'm in a beach area. I am with a bunch of cowboys, and we are in a barricade made of boards, barrels and other obstacles. We are surrounded by people shooting at us. It appears they are other cowboys, not Indians. I can hear noises and bullet shots coming at us. I see holes appear in the wooden planks that make up the barricade. At first I'm not involved in the gun fight, but rather an observer. Then I sink down behind other men that are shooting. I can see now that it's other pioneers or cowboys attacking us. I can see through what looks like a glass window, and I see one guy trying to attack a woman. Now I have a gun and I shoot him, saving the woman.

Comments:

I have no idea what this means. Perhaps a glimpse of a past life, or more likely an outgrowth of a television show I've seen recently in which pioneers going through Nebraska come across a natural landscape that serves as milestones on their journey west.

November 26, 2025.

Dream:

No coherent story, but rather a series of images that appeared as murals or displays of some kind. They were all abstract, kaleidoscopic, and colorful images. There were too many and fleeting displays that are too hard to describe or identify.

November 27, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm drawing a portrait of a woman. I'm using a blue pen or paint. The painting looks exactly as the woman appears, in monotone blue. The woman is pleased with it, but I ask her if she would like some color in it. I have a vat of mixed colored paints and I'm about to stick my hand in it to scoop up some varied colors, but she says no; she wants the monotone version.

Dream 2:

I'm following and watching a man who has taken a job in a package delivery service. Others in the building show him how they stash drugs into the packages, and if you reach deep down inside you can retrieve the drugs. The man seems to be reluctant to continue with this illegal venture.

Dream 3:

I'm in a building that appears to be damaged, possibly in a war zone. There is rubble everywhere. Another family lives in a separate part of the building. They have a baby girl about 2 years old. I want to put up a blanket or a sheet on a line so we don't have to look into each others' living space. My stepson, Nick

appears there. I am showing him two solar panel voltage controllers. He can see the indicator lights on the units, so we know they are working.

Comments:

I'm currently working on a solar unit to help power my ham radio station in case of a power outage, or even for portable use.

November 28, 2024, Thanksgiving Day.

Dream 1:

I'm in a group of young people. It's seems like it's Friday night and folks want to go to a club for drinks. Someone tells me we're meeting at CDC (club) at 5PM. I'm concerned that if I go there my wife might smell perfume on my clothes.

Dream 2:

I'm outside of the hotel I've been staying at. I have left my wallet, my ID, and my door key inside the room. There is a chubby blond woman there who is an agent of the hotel and she seems to reassure me that we can solve this problem. She leads me to a tiny, cramped elevator used by the janitors. There is a janitor in it already with his supply cart. He makes room for me to squeeze in.

Comments:

The initials CDC reminds me of the Centers for Disease Control. This would seem to be at the opposite end of the spectrum from going out for drinks. I cannot, therefore, fathom the meaning of the first dream. Elevators, for me, are a symbol of rising, ascending, or descending. The state of being locked out may refer to being disconnected, losing my identity, the inability to find my way home. It seems there's a message there, but I cannot yet quite grasp it.

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December 2, 2024.

Dream:

I'm working in a hospital. It's been a long time since I worked as a nurse and I feel totally inadequate. I wander around and don't know what to do. I ask my supervisor for a stethoscope so I can take vital signs. I see one patient, an older woman getting hysterical. I see that her 'friend' was talking trash to her which made the patient upset. I intervene. I talk to another visitor, telling her this friend was telling tales that upset the patient. Then I notice that this woman, who was hurling insults, was listening to my talk with the visitor, so I added: "I'm sure she had good intentions."

I'm still wandering around the ward, looking for things to do. My supervisor, an older nurse, doesn't seem to mind that I'm not really getting anything done. I think up a plan to tell her I'm having cramps and have to leave early. I think it was the day shift and I'm wondering what time we get off. In truth I was planning to go to the LDS Cannery in Sacramento for some food shopping. But that plan doesn't work, as the ward needs more staff than the supervisor has. I do take off, to go home and get a more professional looking blue hospital shirt. While out of the hospital I see some lawn maintenance workers mowing the grass. I find they left behind a small toolbox, open-top with a wooden bar on top to heft it around. I bring it back to the hospital and leave the contents at different locations in the back rooms of the ward. I finally decide I'll just finish my shift and do the shopping at another time.

Comments:

This return to work as a nurse has been a common theme in many of my recent dreams. I suspect it refers a role in healing more than medical care, as evidenced by the upset patient. I have been thinking of storing up food items, as president-elect Trump has promised to impose tariffs on Mexico, from which we get much

of our food items. That is sure to increase grocery costs, so I've been investigating storing up food as 'Doomsday Preppers' have been advocating. The Cannery in Sacramento is run by Mormons of the Church of Latter-day Saints (LDS) and I was thinking of going there some time. They have canned staples at relatively low prices.

December 4, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in Norway. I'm visiting the home of a very wealthy person, and it's beautiful. It sits atop a vast but gently sloping hill with a fantastic view of the countryside. It's more like a bulge in the earth than a mountain. I hear a voice say that it's 60 miles down hill from the top. I seem to be able to float around the property. I see grooves in the side of a green hill that have been eroded by rain. There is loose dirt and sand at the base of this groove where it intersects a roadway. I'm thinking that would make a great place to go metal detecting because gold may be washing out from the rain. As I take in the view I'm also thinking I could operate my ham radio from this location, as its high elevation would be ideal for talking over long distances.

I'm meeting with the family there. They seem bright and wealthy in more ways than one. My son is with them too. They go wandering off to explore the area. I go floating around and find a small store. It is filled with tourist items, like souvenir nautical items. I'm thinking I should buy something to bring back home. I see a Norwegian newspaper – it's in a language I cannot read. I wander to the back of the shop and realize the store is really just the front room. I have wandered into the family rooms of the owners and this is not really open to the shoppers, so I leave. As I move away I hear a commotion and a smacking sound. I understand that parents who live there are punishing their daughter. She was one of the young teenagers who had wandered off with my son and other young adults. It seems they are a strict family and such a gathering, unattended by an adult, are considered risky and unacceptable.

I find myself on one of the paved roads leading downhill from the mansion we were visiting. I see a toy sailboat gliding down the side of the road. It seems there are underground cables that energize the toy boats so they can travel up and

down the hill to visit lakes where they are remote controlled to sail around the water. It seems people are also able to use the power from these cables to transport themselves around the countryside. I try to engage in that myself, but next it seems I'm sleeping on the side of the road, on the edge of a steep embankment that drops off at about a 60-degree angle. I'm teetering on the edge. I call out for help. A man and his dog pull me to safety. Then I'm back on the edge and again call for help. Other people pull me back onto the road. I wake up.

Comments:

This seems a bit like what I call a high dream. It reminds me of talk about "The Mansion Worlds" I read about in The Urantia Book, a text about Earth's history, religion, and the afterlife. The entire atmosphere of the dream is one of wonder and awe at its beauty. It seems like a cold place, yet the sun is shining, which I suspect was from a physically cold bedroom. The end of the dream may be a warning, that some of my behavior puts me on the edge of falling to a lower, less spiritual, landing.

December 5, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in a rural setting. I'm on a large bed with a blue cover. I'm not even sure it's a bed, but maybe a large platform with a cushioned surface with the blue cover. There are two other men on the bed, one with a young child. All three of us are in a serious mood, yet considering ingesting a hallucinogenic drug. One asks me if I'm feeling high. I say yes, but it's more like a sleepy fatigue than anything else. I see images of the other two men. It seems they were once members of a famous band. I see an image of them on stage with bright lights, It's as if they are reliving their glory days and were high on drugs at the time. I see them singing and performing. The gray backdrop on the stage transforms into a vivid green.

Dream 2:

I'm taking a college test. I get to the classroom late so I rush through the questions as quickly as I can. Now I'm finished and I want to go back to look at my hurried responses with the intent of correcting any mistakes. I'm having difficulty with some questions. A few might just be spaces for calculations and

not questions at all. I seem to be the last one in the class to turn in my paper, and the examiners are eager for me to finish. I'm not quite satisfied but as I wake up I think the uncorrected "questions" are really just worksheet calculations and I should be OK.

Dream 3:

I'm at an ocean-side amusement area. There are sideshows and entertainment booths along the main fairway. I see a comical fellow and in front of him is a huge black screen. There are about 10 bystanders watching his performance. On the screen small images appear and then fade away. The images are about 4-inches square, and as the fellow uses a water pistol he squirts the squares to make them fade away. Then I see on the board a larger square made up of nine of the smaller squares in a 3 by 3 matrix. Each of the individual square have different images, like icons, in them. The comic man squirts each one to make them disappear.

It turns out I also have a water pistol in my pocket, but my water gun sprays in a broad circle pattern, like a shower head. I see one of the larger 3 by 3 squares appear and I squirt it with my pistol. The comic has his back to the audience and doesn't see who has squirted all nine squares to make them go away. He does, however, notice that someone else has made the squares disappear. He turns and looks at me.

I shrug my shoulders and hold up my hands as if to say "No, it wasn't me." He continues his show and now I feel like I should fess up and admit that it was me. I take the water pistol out of my pocket and place it on the counter between the audience and the entertainment area. It turns out that there was also a piece of chocolate candy in my pocket and that lays next to my pistol on the counter. The comic has gone off to the right but another entertainer, a young black woman, sees the candy and eats it. Now the comic returns and is aware of my trick and the broad spraying pistol. He looks at me with a broad smile and a bright face, staring right at me. It feels like he's saying something like "Ha, Ha, I see you. I saw your trick. It's me!" as if he's an old friend. It's a happy ending.

December 6, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high above the Adriatic sea, looking down on what used to be Yugoslavia. It's more like a map than a physical view. It seems the nations that once made up Yugoslavia, Montenegro, Serbia, etc., are planning an alliance to attract increased tourism. They are planning a huge Disneyland type project with a train ride connecting several of those nations. Along the way they plan several amusement parks and attractions. The scene from above shows the countries involved in various shades of yellow and orange. The path or the proposed train ride is a bit inland from the Adriatic coastline. I see red dots appearing on the map where the rail line is planned, The red dots are moving from north to south as the project is completed.

Comments:

This is such an odd dream for me. I wonder if there might be an element of prophecy involved here. I guess I'll know in a few years from now.

December 7, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high up in the air over a small mid-Pacific island. As I look down on it I see a very unusual color blue is covering the top half of the island. It is some kind of blue vegetation while the lower part of the island is covered with green trees and bushes. It seems the island was once a volcano and the top of the crater is now filled with rain water which affects the growth of these blue trees.

I float on down to the surface. It seems there are very primitive people living there. There is a military presence there also. They have only limited but peaceful contact with the natives.

Comments:

Again more floating in the air; a common theme for me.

December 8, 2024.

Dream 1:

Two very advanced people are talking to me. They seem like superior beings far above my human level. A woman and a man, but the woman is recruiting me for something. They want me to spy on another group that is committing crimes of some sort. The superior man is discussing with the woman that I would make a good candidate because I am “her type.” It seems this other group is led by a woman who is enchanted by a certain type of man, and I seem to fit the bill.

The mission involves a small remote control device that enters this other group. It is attached to a long thin plastic tube. The trouble is, somehow it derives its energy from a tiny sensor they have to insert into my rectum. I can sense the insertion and it’s only slightly uncomfortable. I move from prone to the sitting up position, and they caution me not to move so much. I’m beginning to think I’m not so sure I want to participate in this mission.

Dream 2:

I meet another very advanced woman. She is beautiful and accomplished. People are celebrating her status on some kind of ceremony on a boat. After the fete, I and other admirers follow her to a huge, well appointed apartment. I’m not sure I should stay there or just leave and wish her well. Then, however, I see a fellow from my ukulele group, and since he’s there I feel OK to stay a while.

Dream 3:

Yet again I’m in the company of some advanced beings. I’m not sure what they are saying. I leave them and find a bent metal plate on the ground, about 2 by 3 inches across with inscriptions on it. Someone explains to me that this is a game where you register online that you found the plate. I say to the woman who is telling me this, “Oh, that’s very much like Geocaching.” It is however a different game.

Comments:

Interesting -these may be spirit guides.

December 9, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a huge mansion on top of a hill in a beautiful country setting. A good friend is taking me there. It seems I'm there as part of a team to do a market research project for this man and his family. He seems kind and powerful with lots of loving energy.

He greets me and the rest of the team who will be working on the research project. The next morning I wake up in one of the guest rooms. There are others around me. I go to get dressed and I cannot find my luggage. I'm wondering if I should borrow some clothes from the other fellows in the room with me. The gentleman owner realizes I don't have my luggage. He places a call to the airport to retrieve it.

Comments:

This dream reminds me of spirit guides and "Many Mansions."

December 10, 2024.

Dream:

It seems I'm in a classroom. The instructor is showing a series of about 20 small boxes, about the size of an 8-1/2 by 11-inch piece of paper. Each box has a colorful page on top and a small amount of writing, with what may be other pages behind it. She is calling on each one of us in the room to discuss the contents of each box. It's like a chance to give a recital or perhaps a sort of test. She begins calling on people. It turns out there are two people named Vince in the room, so there's a slight bit of confusion.

Comments:

A classroom often indicates a lesson to be learned.

December 12.

Dream:

I'm with Char, my wife, in a rural area casino. We are playing slots and video games. I go off to the south where I see just three slot machines, with low-life men surrounding them. I lose some money. Char gives me a hand-written letter. The machine jams and I feel like I lose \$176. Now I cannot find the letter she gave or the shoes I was wearing.

December 14, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in upper Manhattan, or possibly across the river in New Jersey. I'm seeing a therapist of some kind and it seems I've been seeing him every week for a long time. It seems he's acting as some kind of personal psychologist and spiritual consultant. Right now, however, he's acting as a chiropractor, working on some woman's back. He offers me some kind of bread. I take the end slice of a piece of Italian bread. Since he's busy, I wander over to the next room. This place features a round table with very spiritual, meditating people around it. I notice they are almost all blond, blue-eyed young women. I make a note to explore this group and maybe become a member, as they are discussing spiritual matters and enlightenment. I see a tiny spider on my hand and I shoo him off.

As I leave the building I'm confronted by tough guys who want to rob me or do me harm. I get away from them, but then I cannot find my car. I do have my car fob, though, and I press it and hear a beep. Trouble is, the car is being stripped for parts right before my eyes. There's a young man with long hair in a pony tail, and he's using tools to take major parts out of the car. I have my cell phone with me and I'm thinking I can take a picture of him for later identification. Next I try to contact home with my phone but I'm not sure if I get through. Later, I find myself in a car and I'm driving out of the garage area. I'm going down a slope and the brakes don't hold and I almost crash into a young boy who is standing at the end of a ramp, but he escapes unharmed.

Comments:

The initial meeting with the therapist suggests I'm having guidance from the spirit realms. The bread my be dietary advice for eating too many carbs. The communion with another Nordic type meditation group may mean there are other sources of spiritual help. The encounter with tough guys, yet another theme of mine, probably means there are still dark forces impeding my progress. The car slipping down the ramp might indicate loss of control of my body, the car being the vehicle of the soul. The little boy escaping damage may be my own young, innocent self. Inspiration?

Inspiration?

As I'm waking up I feel a strong desire to take one of my previously published books and update it. It's on Near-Death Experiences. I was able to access the NDE files of IANDS.org, but the organization did not endorse the book as it didn't meet certain academic standards. The survey results in the book contained many references, and showed survey results for over 3,000 case reports. I feel the information discovered from this survey is important for researchers on the subject. I'm thinking I could delete the citations and publish under a pen name, so that the public has access to the findings.

December 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a field with grassy sections, bushes, and inundations. It seems like I've been there before, possibly like an undeveloped park that is not far from my house. It seems my daughter is there with me, or at least has been visiting this area. I recall it being "just like my back yard." I am wandering around with a park supervisor. We are looking at the different areas of this park; scrubby grassy areas, lush bushes, and gullies where water sometimes accumulates in the rainy season. We come across an area where my daughter had been with some dogs, and we see signs of where they rested or camped.

I'm back in an office where this same part park supervisor works. He's in an office like he's some kind of officer. He has tasked me with writing up a report of our visit to the park. I have a tiny hand-held device that I use to start typing my report. The small device is hard to operate, and as I proceed, it somehow

jumps to the end of the form and somehow automatically inserts a biographical blurb on the officer, a kind of boiler-plate text that appears all over the report. I call the a guy pug-nosed Irishman. He's older and has a short, stubby nose. My wife is with me and says I can correct the report by using a code "Pi." I'm reluctant to go into his office to report my problem, but when I do, he does not seem concerned. He tells me to use Pi function and that will reboot the process.

Comments:

I'm not at all sure what this means. The park is similar to my back yard. I wonder if my outdoor and back yard activities are somehow monitored and noted as my love of nature.

December 16, 2024.

Dream:

I'm looking in a closet or possibly a large room with shelves. I find a small white box. When I open it I see a beige white electronic device of some kind. I'm thinking Hewlett-Packard. I open it up and it seems to be decades old, but untouched, unused. I'm thinking this may well be a valuable collectors item. I wonder if I could sell it to a collector or even the manufacturing company itself.

December 17, 2024.

Dream:

I see a jar filled with words on magnetic plastic strips. It looks like one of those games you get where you put the words on your refrigerator and spell out sentences. These strips, however, are in a large glass jar.

Comments:

This probably has something to do with my writing career.

December 19, 2024.

Dream:

I'm at the office of the church that I attend. There are several people around me, mostly women. They are asking me to make a deposit, \$15,000, to the bank. But there is some confusion about exactly where the bank is located. There is no address, just the name of the bank. It uses a "self-queue" deposit mechanism, which means you act as your own teller. You have to give the pass code for your organization and record the transaction. The church secretary is there. She goes out of the office to retrieve the pass code. I roll my eyes, looking toward the heavens, thinking, Oh Lord, you're giving way too much trust in me." Feeling I'm not worthy,

Comments:

My sister has been visiting me and we were talking about spiritual matters. I was explaining to her the meaning of "store up treasure in heaven." She was already aware of the concept, like a bank account of loving acts that last forever. I feel the dream is a reward for that idea.

December 20, 2024.

Dream 1:

I have two sheets of transparent paper with large letters. I am putting one on top of the other to see if I can match up different letters.

Dream 2:

I'm camping in a van with Nick and one of his friends. It seems he likes to drink while he's camping, and now he's a bit tipsy. He's holding a large tray of breakfast foods; egg sandwiches, bacon, donuts, etc. I'm trying to decide if I should buy my own breakfast but it looks like he has enough in his tray for all three of us.

December 21, 2024.

Dream 1:

There are a group of people discussing the contract of a major league baseball player. It seems they are hiding something from him, deceiving him. I see an elephant and its trunk is sniffing around the group as if searching for the deception.

Dream 2:

I'm in a camp with Trump people. It seems Trump is trying to recruit me to his side. He gives his blessing to me being on his team. He even promises that I could live in a castle in Canada. There is a supporter there who can provide for me if he asks her. I meet two young people working for him. I speak to the girl and ask if it's OK that I am a liberal. We are both immediately attracted to each other. She leans forward as if to kiss me.

December 22, 2024.

Dream 1:

A friend is joining a dating service. I decide to join too. He yells at me, calling me a hypocrite, as I'm married. I yell back at him that I am being honest.

Dream 2:

I'm on vacation with Char. We are visiting a small town in the far north of Europe. I see the ship pulling in to a small port. The town is small, maybe just a few hundred people. I hear we can stay here all night because the ship doesn't leave again until 9:00 AM the next day. I go exploring on this rural countryside town beside the ocean. There is road with a large crest, a barrier between the street and the ocean. There is a power station behind this barrier. I decide to climb on top of it to see what's beyond the barrier. Then I look towards the ocean. I see through clear water several very large fish. I have a softball and I throw it at one of the fish, as he was getting too close to the shore for my comfort. The large fish, though, keeps getting closer. It lifts itself up like a seal and comes towards me. It gets right next to my hand and seems to be nuzzling at my fingers. I'm very afraid it will bite me or hurt me.

I see a young local woman in native garb sweeping the street near me. I find it very difficult to move or shout. I finally, with great effort, shout to her: "Help me! Help me!" I then wake up as the shouts were real and I realize I was having a nightmare.

Comments:

The second dream was remarkable for its clarity. The water was clear and the fish seemed very real. I've heard (Edgar Cayce) that eating exotic or junk food can cause nightmares. I certainly consumed both yesterday as my family was visiting and there were several things new and forbidden by my diet.

December 23, 2024.

Dream:

I'm at home thinking how Trump may be trying to destroy the country by limiting food production and raising prices. I find, however, that I can buy all the food I need, at any time. I'm reviewing one of the books I've written, cut-and-pasting different sections into their proper place.

Comments:

This is probably a real life recall of working on my books.

December 25, 2024.

Dream:

I'm making art work using leaves. I paint the leaves one color then press them between two white boards. This makes two prints, one of each side of the leaves. Then I transfer those impressions onto another photo from my collection. I make gifts out of them.

Comments:

This is something I saw recently on YouTube, but here I add my own background.

December 27, 2024.

Dream:

I seem to be working on a song about victory in WWII. I'm working on the words and phrasing.

I'm in a big room attached to a bar. It seems they are getting ready for a party or a wedding. I sneak behind the bar and eat a couple of cookies that are laying around. Back in the seating area I'm at a corner table with three other guys. We are talking and joking and having a good time. We are near the exit door and I feel a breeze. Now, though, it's time to get to the wedding. I want to bring both my cameras, as one has a flash but the other, more powerful camera, does not. This means I may have to stop off at home and get the spare camera. On the way out a familiar young lady asks if she can ride with me. I'm very excited as she is very cute with short black hair and asking for a lift means we will be together.

Comments:

Dietary advice over eating too many sweets. More camera adventures and romantic entanglements.

December 29, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a familiar town, possibly San Jose, California. I know there's a train track leading south and running next to a complex of school buildings. I'm urging my wife to travel with me. My brother Sandy is there with us. I'm trying to get them to follow me along this walkway next to the train tracks. As I lead the way I come across two people who are involved with honoring a dog who was once famous.

I see the dog, and not sure if it's the same one of historical fame. This one is small, about 25 pounds with dark hair, and he seems not fully domesticated. I ask the women to let him off the leash so he can get familiar with me. He is nice to me, licking my face, but then I see he is protecting me, covering me with his paws as if he owns me. I find this odd, but not threatening. This behavior by the

dog delays me, and when I leave I see that my wife has left and gone back home with a little girl.

Now the two women and a young man accompanying them want to leave and move the dog along to the next location on the path by the train. As I walk away to go back home I find myself in warehouse area. It's dirty, junk-filled, and in a low-class neighborhood. The huge, blocks-wide warehouse has many cubicles and business sections filled with furniture, storage boxes, and all kinds of industrial materials. As I work my way through this mess I find that I'm on a bicycle which has a headlight in front and this helps me navigate through the maze of rooms. In one room my light shines on a group of illegal immigrants, and some of them run away in fear. I encounter a threatening person but steer clear of him. Then I meet a rather normal businessman selling furniture and he guides me to the way out of the maze. I know I have to travel north to get back to my home turf.

December 30, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm with a group of friends. The leader is a Jewish fellow I once knew. We are playing cards and other games around a table. He shows me a box of donuts and baked goods. I'm thinking of taking a small section of a donut, or possibly a poppy seed bagel. The bald leader is speaking forcibly to me, like lecturing me. This may be dietary advice.

Dream 2:

My friend Mary trips and falls against a wall. She is not hurt. The wall appears to be made of blunt pins that move when you touch them. This is similar to a toy that was popular many years ago. It was a box of pins: the box was about 5 by 7-inches containing many 4-inch pins that slide when you touch them. You would press your hand against them and on the back side you would see your own hand in 3-D as these sliding pins replicate the shape of your fingers.

Dream 3:

I'm in a small family. A teenage girl is worried that she will not be able to attend an event or party. The parents know her boyfriend will ask her to go, but the girl

is worried. We are thinking of calling the boyfriend to prompt him to make a phone call to her so she can stop worrying.

December 31, 2024, New Year's Eve.

Dream 1:

I'm in a dystopian world. The government is cracking down on all games, fun activities, and recreation activities. I'm helping a family sort through their belongings to sort out such materials to put into the trash. It's hard to decide what to keep as the new rules are a bit vague. I see cars full of people loaded with their belongings driving to another place. I meet a man from the next county and his area is exempt from these rules.

Dream 2:

I've just bought a little sports car. It's old and cheap, but I understand it might be fun as a second car because it's a convertible. I'm visiting a park and campground with my brother Sandy. I want to retrieve the car and go home, but I cannot find it in the parking lot. Next to the parking lot is a big warehouse where they are storing unsold and returned Christmas items at cheap prices, and I realize it's all junk. Back at the parking lot I'm going up and down all the aisles, looking for my car. It seems hopeless.

Comments:

The first dream I think may be related to all the upheaval in the Middle East, with war and displaced families suffering from harsh conditions. The second dream I'm not sure about. This inability to find my car is a theme many believe is the soul looking for the body it's inhabiting (the vehicle for the soul) once it returns from the astral planes. I was also entertaining the possibility of buying bulk Christmas returns and reselling them on Ebay. The dream suggests this is all junk and not worth the effort.

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January 1, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm in a group of about 7 people. It seems they are controlling me. Then I see myself rescuing me from them as if I were another person. I feel like I've been freed.

Dream 2:

I'm watching as a girl is racing in a college event. It seems like she has reached her stride and is having fun. During the event she is sidetracked by other students into jumping down a stone staircase next to the school cafeteria. She lands with one foot on a valve which opens a hot water for the cafe for making soup. She takes responsibility for her awkward move by staying in the restaurant to help prepare the soup. Meanwhile, a young black runner makes a similar mistake, but his 'penance' is to write and sing a song. He has a nice voice and does well.

Comments:

Both dreams seem to be about empowerment and responsibility, yet strength and growth comes from within. The rescuing myself theme in dream 1 reflects something I read in *A Course in Miracles*: "My salvation comes from me." This is from Lesson 70.

January 2, 2025.

Dream:

I'm writing a report on a patient which is going to a doctor for evaluation. I want to just drop off the report and leave, but then I'm expected to add notes in the margins in red ink to further clarify details. I also add little yellow Post-It note

stickers to the report. There's even a hint I should make a video of everything, but I leave.

Comments:

This is once again reminding me of my brief career as a nurse. I've been told lately that I am a healer. I wonder if this type of dream is encouragement to stay in the medical field. I still have my license on active status, but I don't expect to return to nursing.

January 3, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm a member of a large medical team. We are tackling a days-long study of some disease, possibly kidney disease. It's a complex project involving many medical specialties and disciplines. I give my input to the group. "It started with primitive man avoiding foods that didn't agree with them." This implies that traditions grew about different foodstuffs. The conference is coming to an end and I see pages of summaries, the first few words in bold followed by a brief statement by over 150 experts.

One person in the group asks me to write up the final summary. I feel that I'm not quite qualified but I do agree to do the writing, probably because I have experience in writing.

Dream 2:

I'm analyzing a film that includes images of a woman's body. Not sure if she is dead or alive. I propose a study where the different scenes are analyzed by counting the number of pixels showing the body versus all else. This may possibly include a correlation with the excitement level of men watching the movie.

Comments:

The first dream, my impression is that this may be a future possibility in another spiritual realm. This would imply that all the things we learn on the earth plane can be and will be studied on the celestial realm as well. The second dream implies the same thing. This is just my own speculation.

January 4, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a depressed part of town. It's night time and only a few stores are open, but they are cheap places with no real services. I've recently bought an old junker car just for fun to supplement my main car. As I drive along I see the driver side rear-view mirror is missing. Someone must have stolen it. I'm back on the street now in the dark neighborhood. I stop in a store and buy a "Yum-yum," a dark chocolate cake. Now I cannot find the car. This street is full of bums and criminals. I'll have to call the police. I'm in a big garage and now I cannot even find my good car. I'll have to call Uber or Lyft to get a ride home. Meanwhile my kids are there and they need a lift to school too. I wake up with this problem unresolved.

January 5, 2025.

Dream:

I'm using clamps to hold together the different layers of a photograph mounting. This includes the backing plate, the photo, the matte, then a protective clear plastic sleeve. It forms a complete single unit. Someone from my ukulele class tells me "Thank You" for the creation.

Comments:

This reflects the real-life process I go through for enlarging some of my photographs and mounting them onto mats for framing.

January 6, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm riding a small motorcycle in a rural area in America somewhere. I stop in an old hotel. It has many rooms with classes, sales, and events going on. I don't know where to park the motorcycle. I'm walking around peeking into different rooms. One is a large room where people are meeting. They have numbers on their shirts. A young boy tells me that a woman named Julie "likes me." I go up to the class and look in but I see no one named Julie. I go to the hotel manager because not I cannot find my bike. He says to just wait until tomorrow as the property manager will find it. I see three women sitting on a bench. They too tell me that this Julie woman likes me. I envision that I can take the motorcycle home, let Julie drive my car and follow me home.

Dream 2:

I'm in a rural area beside a road on a sloping hill. It's lush and green. There is a large construction zone cordoned off along the road. A huge machine has dug up some underground pipes and cables and elevated them above ground level. The exposed lines are all a dull gray-blue color.

I hear someone say "written tax forms." I'm thinking: Aren't all tax form written?

Dream 3:

I find myself in Brooklyn, in my childhood neighborhood. I want to see my old house there and I find the subway station. On the train I want to take the line that ends at Flatbush Avenue. I look at the map on the train wall and it seems they have changed the names of the stations to make them more hip or popular. I called it the IRT Flatbush line, but the map shows a number for that line. The terminal station, Flatbush Avenue, has been changed to "Yeah." My station also has changed. It was Newkirk but is now called Newton. I talk to other riders on the train. One woman happily agrees with me, saying she too remembers it as the IRT (Interborough Rapid Transit). A woman sitting next to me shows me a handful of old coins.

Comments:

In the first dream I have the impression that the underground cables represent my subconscious thoughts. Them being exposed suggests my dream work may be uncovering my deeper hidden thoughts. The 3rd dream is more about memories and how things change over time.

January 7, 2025.

I'm part of a military resistance movement, possibly in Ukraine. We are grinding pieces of metal, but I'm not sure to what purpose. The metal seems to be brass. There's a screeching sound from the grinding.

I'm editing pages in a book.

January 8, 2025.

Just a snippet of a dream:

I see a large building the first floor of which is totally consisted of window glass. Inside I see a doctor and he's talking with a middle-aged female patient.

January 9, 2025.

Dream:

It seems like I've been on a long trip and now it's time to pack and go home. I have a medium sized trailer and I'm packing my belongings into it. I'm wondering if everything doesn't fit whether I can also carry some excess belongings into my car. It feels like I'm up north somewhere and the long drive south is ahead of me.

Comments:

This is yet another in a series of dreams I've had about packing to return home. I'm not sure if this means packing up my material possessions in order to return to the spiritual realms, or the opposite, which is to gather my thought forms in the celestial realms for manifestation in the material world.

January 10, 2025.

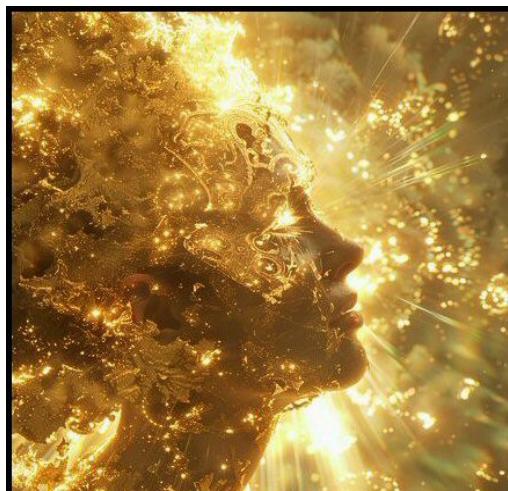
Dream:

Nephew-in-law Karin G. is helping plan a wedding for a family member. She has strong doubts about this boy's honesty. She wants everyone to know that the guy is a swindler and to stay out of his plans.

Download:

I received this message during that semi-conscious state upon awakenging: Consider yourself fortunate when you ponder the momentous questions of "Who am I? What am I?", because if you answer with a body identity, a given name, or a role that you play, then you're missing the boat. Instead, if you answer something along the lines of "I'm a ball of conscious energy," or "I am a child of a loving Creator," or "I'm an eternal spark of divinity," then you are on the brink of enlightenment and Self-discovery. See **Figure 13**.

Figure 13. Vision on awakening.



Consider yourself fortunate when you ponder the momentous questions of "Who am I? What am I?", because if you answer with a body identity, a given name, or a role that you play, then you're missing the boat. Instead, if you answer something along the lines of "I'm a ball of conscious energy," or "I am a child of a loving Creator," or "I'm an eternal spark of divinity," then you are on the brink of enlightenment and Self-discovery.

January 11, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at a woman inside an open-topped box. She has been in some kind of accident where both feet had to be amputated at the knee. She is alert and confident. I'm looking through a pamphlet which describes what happened to her and what makes her case outstanding.

Dream 2:

I'm in a small town next to a church. There's a group in the church who like to play games with paint guns. They are in competition with another group with the same interest. A ship arrives off shore to help supply them with more paint guns and ammunition.

Meanwhile, I'm supposed to pick up my daughter and bring her to the church. I've stopped somewhere in a small town and I cannot find my car. I use the car's key-fob to honk the horn, and I hear the sound twice, just across the street from me. By the time I get there, however, there are no more return beeps. It's a run down area with a lot of car repair shops and I suspect they have already stolen my car and dismantled it. I call the police but there's nothing they can do. I remember that my new camera was in that car, so that is gone too.

Dream 3:

I'm somewhere in another town in a large entertainment complex. It may be Las Vegas. I'm watching as a show is about to begin. It's two men and a female star. She's a singer and dancer. I recognize her as an old girlfriend (not in real life) and she's all made up to be a glamorous entertainer. We talk and it becomes obvious that she wants to reconnect with me and mourns our parting. Deep inside, I don't want to rekindle anything with her, as the glitzy, sexy show business life style is not my thing. I tell her she is doing well, though, and that this entertainment role is a nice fit for her. She seems happy with that.

She is, however, not sure if she's going to make it in this highly competitive field. I see that the management of the show are in a meeting with a wealthy sponsor. The sponsor tells the show managers that he likes the woman, but one bushy-haired Hispanic man is out. "Pablo is out," he tells them. Now the girl is

about to go on stage and I single her out to tell her about Pablo. She seems really happy

Comments:

Here is yet another lost car episode. I'm wondering if it's a foreboding sign that I'm about to lose my body, the "vehicle for the soul." I don't understand the exotic entertainment girl, as she looks nothing like anyone I remember. It may be a sign that I'm giving up any trace of a sex oriented lifestyle, as it no longer suits my tastes.

January 12, 2025.

Dream 1:

I walk up to the store front of a local small business. Inside it's dark and it looks like the place is closed for the evening. I find myself inside and there are five or so workers inside, ready to do business. It seems they are a dedicated, coherent team and they are all taking a break after normal business hours. The leader of the group is taking a nap on a cot behind the counter, but he gets up to talk with me. It seems he's very dedicated to the business and in fact is having a big client event the next morning.

I attend this event the next morning, and it feels like I am the photographer assigned to record everything. I take pictures of the client truck with its logo pulling up in front of the business building. I take photos of all the staff, but the tall leader has his face obscured by a box-like piece of thin cardboard. I don't even know his name. I want to record that as part of my assignment. I see one of his fellow workers and his name is Dick, but I never get the leader's name.

Part of this customer event includes a lunch somewhere. I follow all the business members and the client members to photograph the lunch, but now I'm not sure if I'm invited also, or perhaps I should just wait outside.

Poorly recalled snippets of other dreams:

I'm in a large house, a mansion with several other people. They are high class. One fellow shows me his new razor with seems to have multiple blades on it. It is attached to an energizing device. He shows me how he runs it over his skin. He gives it to me and I shave my face with it. The device seems to clear up all

the blemishes on my face while I shave. This includes a couple spots of actinic keratoses, which I've dealt with in the past. The shaver removes all those crusty spots and I feel great, cleansed.

Back in my photographer role, I see three policemen in a town somewhere in Europe, probably England. They are dressed in black overcoats with red trim. It seems to be a cold weather uniform. I'm supposed to take photos of them.

Comments:

There seems to be a hint that my interest in photography may play a role in preparing me for more professional assignments.

January 13, 2025.

Dream:

My wife and I are taking a bus trip to Seattle, WA. When we arrive, I look in the cargo bay under the bus for our luggage, but I don't find it. I see a pigeon on the street and it reminds me that I want to take photos of landmarks in the city and birds. I realize the bus company has porters that bring the luggage into a depot and deposit them on a table for the passengers to pick up.

I see one small black man with a hand cart and our luggage is on that. I say to this man, "Oh, you got it easy." because the hand cart makes it easier than carrying the luggage. I go to the table where the luggage should be, but ours is not there. I'm wondering if my comments to the porter was some kind of insult to him. I worried now about my luggage and the camera that was with it. Maybe I should contact the bus company. Then, I contact a local police woman in the terminal and she agrees to look into it. I go back to see my wife and tell her the bad news that our luggage is missing.

January 14, 2025.

Dream:

I hear a roar like the sound of a high speed motor. I'm on a bathroom toilet at a nursing home when I hear that. Then, I see a police car pull up to the nursing facility. I am one of the staff there and the police inform us that the entire nursing home must be evacuated, though I don't know what the cause is of this emergency. We start evacuating the patients, but one fellow has blockaded himself inside a wooden desk, with his dachshund puppy's head sticking out. We cannot get the man out, but I see the desk has a rather flimsy backing board that is attached with staples. I think I can open it up with a simple flat-head screwdriver, and we can release him that way. I go to look for a screwdriver and while I'm searching I hear a cheer go up among the other staff members. It seems they got him out without my help. Looking around I see just a few more patients and pets to be removed for their safety.

Comments:

I suspect this dream was stimulated by watching news coverage of fires in the Los Angles area, with nursing homes being evacuated. Here again I reprise my role as a nurse or caregiver.

As I lay in bed after this dream I have a long rehearsal of what I will say to my minister in tomorrow's meeting with him. I want to discuss my many paranormal experiences and spiritual events.

January 15, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in an underground complex of tubes, like large sewers, but clean and white. I have a feeling that this is part of an underground network. Before me is a humanoid creature about 5-feet tall. He's standing with his legs apart as if in a confrontational posture, but there is no sense of threat. Instead we just stare at each other. I feel he is another human species but living in these tunnels. He is all dressed in a white jumpsuit with a dark mask or face shield. There is a sense that we are communicating. It seems his attire is designed to live in these large white tubes but also he can live underwater.

Comments:

I have no clue what this means, but I feel I should be alert to future dreams to see if this is the start of some kind of inter-species communication. I may simply reflect my current exploration of the subconscious mind and my curiosity about the idea of alien life-forms.

January 16, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in post-apocalyptic world where the earth is scorched and barren. We are erecting a matrix of square structures, each about 12-feet high and 12-feet on a side, designed to reflect the sun and reduce global warming. Each unit is connected to adjacent structures, to cover a wide area. I'm afraid to walk out into the sun, so each structure is connected by a 2-foot wide cover so you can walk from square to square without entering the sunlight.

Comments:

This is probably a worry, or a premonition, of dangers that lie ahead if we don't address the problem of climate change.

January 17, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm making meals, both for myself and a dog. I go to bring the food where we can eat and find myself on a dark street. I have a stick or a broom and I tap the ground to help me navigate in the dark. I bring the food to a friend's house, but I'm not sure if they are home, as it's still dark outside.

Dream 2:

I'm in a crowded classroom. We are learning the French language. The room is crowded with desks and people and visual recording equipment. When the class is over and it's time to leave, I cannot find my way out. The access is blocked by desks and the audio/visual equipment. The next class is advanced French and it's over my head. I see them presenting a French newspaper on the screen but I cannot hear the sounds of the words or see anything on the screen.

I feel I have to get out of there and go to my next class. I finally get out but my next class is just about over.

January 18, 2025.

Dream:

I'm working at a hospital. It's the time of a change in shifts. I write to them in my report that it's time to order certain medications. As I work on this I look over and see a computer screen and I feel tempted to look at sexual images.

I'm looking at a field of wheat crops. I see my hand touch the top of the plants. I'm thinking this is how crop circles are formed.

January 19, 2025.

Dream:

I'm looking at a 3-dimensional picture and reproducing it. I reproduce it again at a smaller scale. It's an abstract painting with curved lines and areas of color.

I am at work. The setting is familiar. I pass by a group of women seated in a row of chairs. Several of the women have lots of sparkles or glitter in their hair. I say something like "Hey, Sparkly!" to one of the women and look back at her as she has a smile on her face. I ask another girl if the lesson today is going to be normal or a special presentation. She says "Normal."

There's another girl there as I see she's been flirting with a guy serving coffee. She says she likes him and that he looks like a pot of coffee. I see a pot of coffee in a glass container, and the full pot is a reflection of the guy's brown beard that the girl liked so much.

January 20, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm weaving a structure that is either a cap, head decoration, or mask. It's being formed with feathers and strings and small twigs. It seems to be in Africa.

Dream 2:

I'm in some kind of group race. You have to run to points on a map. The most valuable points are marked with blue dots on the map. You have limited time. At each station you enter your ID card into a machine and you receive a validation ticket, like a thin refrigerator magnet. The distribution of these validation tickets is faulty, as they are supposed to be 3-inch squares, but they sometimes come out crooked or torn.

Dream 3:

In in a hotel where Trump is being inaugurated. I don't want to be part of it but maybe I can go to my car and get my camera in case there is an historic shot I can take. I see there is one set of elevators for the president and his party and

another for other hotel guests. I looks like, if I wanted to, I could ride the elevator with Trump.

Comments:

Dream 1 may be a past life memory. Dream 2 seems like a useless competitive rat race. A diversion of our purpose here on Earth. Dream 3; mixed feelings about Trump.

January 21, 2025

Dream 1:

I'm on a team with others, medical people or healers. There are three bodies in a stream we are resurrecting. The water is clear below each of them, in a creek. The round stones in the creek seem important somehow, like they might be used in the healing. The idea is to bring them back to life to learn their stories, what happened to them.

An onlooker is watching us. He asks how it went, even though the procedure is not finished. It seems this practice of resurrection is common among spiritual workers and he's not at all surprised.

Dream 2:

There are several groups of military in an argument. It involves saluting. There is a difference of opinion whether they should salute or not.

Dream 3:

I'm in a psychology class let by a middle-aged woman professor. As I sit down near her I see a young girl maybe 20 years old. She has remarkable blue eyes that I comment on. As I sit down I notice the professor has the same blue eyes as the girl, who I realize is her daughter. The girl is neurologically divergent, but it seems the professor has been tutoring her so she can pass college level exams.

There is a young boy there too who also seems divergent. He is running back and forth to a refrigerator. The bottom of the refrigerator has a small hole in it where he seems to be eating soup with a spoon.

Comments:

Dream 1 seems to reflect a process that I read in *The Urantia Book*, where celestial entities save and retrieve the energy and personality of people who have died. In this way all their experiences can be saved and made eternal. Dream 2 seems to reflect my wondering about the new Trump administration. I'm wondering if the military would stand up to him if he goes ahead with plans to invade Panama or Greenland, as he's promised to do. Dream 3 seem so be some psychological advice or illustration, but not sure what. Perhaps it refers to helping children or people who are not "normal."

Dream 4, after nap:

There is a Hollywood actress prone to flirting with her fans. She is now making a movie and her handlers and agents want to incorporate some of these interactions into the movie. They are examining the types of flirtations, such as romantic, personal, fashion related, etc. Only some of them, therefore, fit into the script of the movie. I am an observer to all of this.

I have no clue to what this means.

January 22, 2025.

Dream snippets:

I'm making a video with my desktop software. It shows a landscape and a large structure with a big chain hanging down from it. No emotional content.

A woman friend, DR, is making some kind of holster to hold a gun. It's wrapped in some kind of Velcro material so she can stick it in a hiding place. The scene changes to a grassy landscape with two capped yellow pipes sticking up. These are similar to pipes seen on walking paths in my town to keep large vehicles from entering the walking paths.

After nap:

A group of black men are hanging around the driveway of my home. They seem friendly but I'm still suspicious. I turns out my neighbor is putting in a new concrete driveway next door. The men seem to be from the same tribe and they have a friendly ceremony before they begin pouring the cement.

There is a friendly white cat that has been visiting the window where my cat likes to look out. This time, however, instead of visiting the window that cat is at he is at the back door from the garage to the back yard.

The visiting cat is just outside the screen door and meanwhile my cat is inside the garage, so just the screen door separates them. I shoo the cat away, but then a beautiful white pet ferret is also trying to get in. A little boy is nearby and he shouts that it's a ferret. My wife is there too, and now the screen door is open, but she has a mallet from a lawn polo game and she pushes the ferret right out the door, and I close the door. Yet again, there's now a gray kitten out there and I'm afraid the ferret might hurt it, but I have the screen door and the back door closed on them, so I'm not too worried.

Comments:

“Space invaders” of some kind? This occurred right after eating a hot dog, so maybe it was a junk food reaction. On the other hand, this may reflect real life events, as the white cat continues to “visit” my cat at the window.

January 23, 2025.

High dream:

I'm overlooking a beautiful landscape. It includes two parcels of land with large pools attached next to a high hill. They seem to be for sale by a powerful real estate corporation. One is priced at \$12 million and the other larger parcel at \$18 million.

There is a young woman from my church, K.R., someone I don't know very well, who seems to be in charge of overseeing the transfer of this property to new owners. Although she is fairly young, she possesses a keen intellect and wise insight that far exceeds her age in years. She is a member of the vestry of our church. She also carries an aura of holiness about her that adds gravitas to her positions of authority.

I have heard from the board of directors for this corporation that they are also considering selling both parcels to one group or family, or conglomeration. The price for both would be about \$30 million. K.R. however is not aware that combining these estates might be subject to a package deal. I try to tell her this,

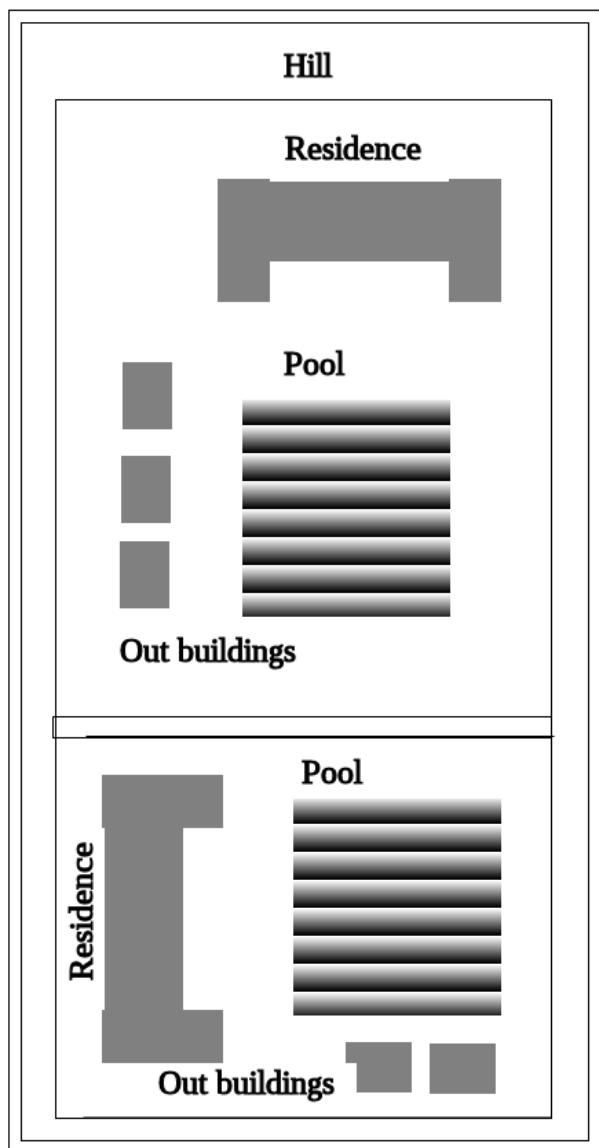
but she doesn't seem to recognize or appreciate the meaning of this possibility. She is involved with other details of the transaction. I don't want to intrude on her duties, so I just leave. She catches up with me when she finally realizes that, yes, the two properties may be combined into one grand transaction.

Comments:

The first idea that comes to me upon awakening is the phrase, "In my Father's house are many mansions." It seems the board of directors in the dream is a reflection of K.R.'s position as a vestry member for the church. In fact, the entire dream seems to suggest our roles on the earth plane are imitations of much wider roles we might play in the celestial realms. I'm awed by this possibility, as it hints that God prepares a place for us in heaven that we have no clue about in our daily lives. See **Figure 14**

Another dimension to this is that I rarely have dreams of people I'm not that close with. My dreams are usually interactions with unknown people or those who are family or very close to me. The fact that K.R. is relatively distant from me has me wondering if I should share this with her, or if it's an intrusion on her privacy. Since the content has important spiritual overtones that may be helpful to her, I'm leaning towards sharing this with her.

Figure 14. Two adjacent mansion properties.



January 24, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a long hallway of a hotel or motel that my family members have rented for a celebration or party. In one of the rooms I find lots of desserts, cookies, pies, cakes and puddings. I go back to that room and help myself to a few servings.

Comments:

Yesterday, for my birthday, a friend brought me specialty dessert, which I enjoyed, but it was probably too sweet.

Insights:

As I woke up I was thinking of yesterday's dream about the young woman at church. I got the impression that high dreams like that come from a source that Carl Jung calls the collective subconscious. I got the impression that this concept is very close to what Christians call the Holy Spirit. In other words, I am entertaining the idea that advanced spiritual ideas can come through the dream arena. It seems I am prompted to share these events with the people involved. When I say prompted, that doesn't begin to convey the intense motivation to broadcast these revelations. So I'm investigating the idea that these spiritual dreams are providing help to others, God's children.

January 25, 2025.

Dream 1:

There is some kind of global emergency occurring. The sky is glowing red with a hint of flames. It seems a woman is distressed at the kidnapping of her son, possibly by extraterrestrials. A million dollars are raised by people to help with DNA matching in an effort to find and identify her child.

Dream 2:

There is a guitar singer playing songs in the style of the 1960s. He's singing a love song to his girlfriend, someone named Sandy. In reality, however they have broken up. There is a lamp post in the middle of the stage. When the singer is on the left side of the stage he's in the 1960s mode. When on the right side, he's in the present.

Several people on his staff, including the girl named Sandy, are trying to bring this singer into the present so he can face reality. I am one of the people trying to get him out of his past mode. I see too, that his friend Sandy is very attractive. She has short blond hair and a beautiful smile. I'm wondering if I might get involved with her.

Comments:

The first dream, I think, is triggered by the fears of disaster as Trump starts his term as president with draconian executive decisions. The second dream suggest that I am the singer, trying to live in the past at the expense of finding happiness in the present. This is a rather deep lesson, as, on the whole, people tend to make present-day decisions based on past events and memories. Meanwhile, there is great wisdom in the advice to "Be here now."

Nap dream:

I'm one of the first people setting up equipment for a ukulele sing-along gig. I look in the refrigerator and see there is an ugly, slimy monster living in there. I have to touch him to get my materials out. I realize we are supposed to sing one song that no one has heard about, nor do they know how to play it. Other players arrive and I worry that this one song may bomb.

Comments:

This seems like a food advice dream, but I don't know which food. I did have a slice of pizza for lunch. (Clue!) In real life I am a member of a ukulele group and we sometimes put on concerts for other groups, such as at nursing homes or libraries, so this is a common setting in my life.

January 26, 2025.

Dream:

I'm entertaining ideas about producing and selling canned dog food. It would include natural ingredients and be priced for low income pet owners. Thinking about my own skin care.

I'm not sure if these are real REM sleep dreams or just semi-conscious thoughts.

January 27, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at chalky white cliffs on a hillside. It seems to be in Asia. There are statues and bas-relief carvings in the stone. There are rows of foot paths along the hillside to enable people to see the art work.

Dream 2.

Scientists are studying people and how they react to unexpected behaviors. For example, a person is given an assignment and during the task someone else trips nearby and the scientists place a check mark in a box if they respond in a certain way, such as going to help, ignoring them, stop what they are doing, etc. Another test is when the scientists start playing loud music.

Comments:

Not sure what the second dream means. I'm wondering, in the case of the first dream, whether or not this reflects astral travel. That is, the soul leaving the body and actually visiting these places. It also suggests that in the celestial realms our actions are being monitored and analyzed by researchers.

January 28, 2025.

Dream:

I'm looking at a screen, working with my video and photo-editing software as I build a video for posting on line. It starts with a text blurb. I'm focusing on fades, dissolves, and transitions where the images come in and out of focus. I also take still images from video and insert them in the storyboard.

Comments:

This is a major hobby in my life; posting videos to YouTube and other sites. Most of the videos came out of recording my ukulele sing-along sessions, but I make other varied videos too. Some are for bird watching, how-to videos, and recording special events. The transitions, fading in and out, are an important part of the process.

January 29, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm in what seems to be a water-pistol fight with some woman in my ukulele class. Instead of water, however, the pistols are filled with insulin, the drug that fights diabetes. Although it's a game, the drug can have serious consequences. We are alternatively running after and away from each other, firing at each other as we dart around. The woman's husband sees us and he is jealous. There is some kind of negotiation going on where I agree to let her shoot me if the dosage is 465 units or less. (This dosage is not realistic in real life.) The woman is interested in me romantically but I don't feel the same way. I tell her I love her just so as to not disappoint her.

Dream 2:

I've faced with a puzzle. I'm given a clear glass tube about 12 inches long and 3 inches wide. Inside is a wide-spaced screw mechanism, some water, and a length of cloth. There is a crank handle coming out of one end. I'm thirsty and the trick is to get the water out of the tube to quench my thirst. The solution seems to be to turn the crank until the cloth extends out one end of the tube, then the water comes dripping out due to capillary action from the cloth. I wake up thirsty.

Comments:

The first dream doesn't make sense to me. The woman is older and her husband died, so I don't know why he's there. Also, I don't take insulin and the units for this drug are only 2 to 6 milligrams, so the units in the dream are way too high. The second dream seems to be from a physical symptom. Sometimes in sleeping on my back I wake up breathing through my mouth and my throat is dry. The dream seems to reflect this dry mouth and the solution.

January 30, 2025.

Dream:

I'm traveling along the streets of a rural city. I see normal houses with front lawns and grass between the sidewalks and the street. I'm carrying with me a few items, like towels and a hose while riding a bicycle. Somehow the hose is attached to a source and I start to water a patch of bushes. I leave the bike and some of my belongings with two boys. They agree to watch my things. When I come back, however, I cannot find the boys or my bike, or any anything I left there.

Comments:

There seems to be a trend in my dreams of losing things or leaving them behind. I'm wondering, in my quest for spiritual values, if this a condition for advancement, leaving material things behind, and focusing on "treasures in heaven." That is, acts of kindness, loving thoughts and actions.

Nap dream:

I'm captured by a mean kidnapper. Me and two other men are held in a room. The kidnapper, though, has a tendency to leave us unattended. I take this opportunity to go exploring around the house. I find an unlocked door that leads to a garage. It seems like a motorcycle group uses this for a hangout. I find a small nail clipper that has a short razor in it and I save this, thinking if the kidnapper comes back I can use it against him. I continue to wander outside at night. There does not seem to be any safe houses around, as it's mostly a biker part of town.

January 31, 2025.

Snippet of a dream:

I'm watching a presentation about drinking water. They are suggesting imbibing large quantities of water, like a gallon a day.

Dream:

I'm on a team of two women and myself. It's an important contract. I see the lead member of the project, a 30s woman with short dark hair, negotiating with the client. It's a big corporation, perhaps Disney. I'm third in line with this group with the other woman and the lead taking most of the responsibility.

I'm very glad to be part of this project as it shows confidence in my abilities and restores a sense of self-esteem. As part of the project we are given free tickets to something; a game or maybe admission to Disneyland. The client says they have 90 tickets to give away, 42 to the project lead and 38 to the assistant, which leaves 10 for me.

Once the initial meeting is over, I walk up long hallway in this business building. The floor rises at about 5 degrees. On each side of the hall I see other offices that are being rented by businessmen. It seems having even a tiny room to rent in this high prestige building is a sign of success.

At the end of the hallway I exit into small courtyard, maybe 15 feet deep and 30 feet wide. At the back end of the courtyard is a slightly leaning wall that is holding back earth from a nearby hill. In the wall are several nooks and crannies. It seems small birds have made their nests in the wall and occasionally fly out and back. There are children in this yard and they seem fascinated by the birds. They seem friendly and unafraid. Then I see a fluffy white cat. It is sticking its head out of one the crevices. Right next to it is a fledgling bird and it is playing with the cat, unafraid and posing no threat. The bird touches the face of the cat.

Comments:

The first dream seems to be about dietary advice. This has been a theme in my dreams, especially to drink more water. The second seems to be an idyllic

possibility, the lion lying down with the lamb, suggesting strength and innocence as a condition for spiritual peace.

The second dream also encapsulates my entire life. I came from a poor family as I grew up in Brooklyn, NY. That left me with a somewhat negative self-image. When I graduated college and started on a successful career in New York City, and later in Silicon Valley, I finally began to appreciate my own self worth. This was later enhanced by a spiritual vision I had where I heard the words, “You are still my son, and I love you.” Those words erased all traces of self doubt. This and other experiences are detailed in another book I wrote titled *Trekking to Jordan*,” on Amazon.

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February 1.

Dream:

I'm in a large co-ed building, 3 stories high. It is filled with college age people. Some of us are supposed to be going out to eat or to an event, but we are delayed. I want to go now or else squeeze in a nap, as I'm tired. I'm laying on a couch when another fellow is packing to go out. He has an army green knapsack and a large machete with a squared-off front end. He throws it into his knapsack right next to where I'm resting. I decide to play a joke on him and grab the machete and pretend it's sticking out of my chest. We all have a laugh and he's telling me about ads on TV for other knives. **Figure 15.**

We continue to talk, but a workman is drilling holes in a cabinet door and the noise is so intense we cannot hear each other. There is a pause in the conversation until the noise of the drill subsides.

I keep looking around for places to sleep on the 2nd floor of this building. I go up to the 3rd floor but it's filled already with residents. On the 2nd floor I find some blankets and I figure I'll look around for a place to sleep. Then I remember the house has a basement too that is unoccupied. I go down to street level and in doing so I see a large excavation with machinery pumping water out of the creek next to the building. I feel they are pumping water out at a rapid rate, leaving river rocks and small fish struggling to get to deeper water. I am peering into this large cavern. Other members of the house go exploring into the cave, but I feel with all the water being pumped out that the whole area may collapse.

Figure 15. Squared off machete and knapsack.



February 3, 2025.

Dream 1:

A woman is living somewhere in Europe during World War II, in a country occupied by Germans. As the occupation is ending, the locals are considering if she was a collaborator with the Germans. It seems she did not have sex with them but may have satisfied them by using her hands. One inquisitor is heating up a piece of metal. It's like a screen but the slats are 1/8th inch across pieces. He intends to brand her on the ass. During the occupation the toilets were backed up in the house.

Dream 2:

I'm looking down on the earth from an aerial view or a satellite view. It shows a coastline with fires near a water way. I see some burned out areas more inland and active fires near the coast. I zoom down to street level and I see the fires are man-made. People are erecting large hexagonal squares on top of poles. They are about 6-feet in diameter. Dozens of these squares are hoisted atop white PVC poles to about 15 feet into the air. They seem to interlock somehow once they are erected. Each hexagonal unit is filled with smaller white hexagonal squares about 6-inches across that contain thick, 4-inch long carpet fibers, and it is these they light on fire to fuel the flames.

Comments:

The first dream has me wondering if I'm seeing real events from the past. This might be a form of remote viewing. The backed-up toilets usually mean I'm getting constipated. The second dream suggests a conspiracy theory that the recent fires in Los Angeles were set on purpose. I tend not to believe that, but the idea is swirling around on social media.

February 4, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a small town in a rural area. Large fields and open spaces are all around. I'm teaching several young people about the game of Geocaching. This is where people hide little boxes in public spaces and others, using hand-held GPS units locate the cache at specified coordinates. Once found they can drop off or trade trinkets or small prizes inside the cache. I tell them that once they've discovered the cache there is still one more step. They have to record the find on the website, Geocaching.com.

Comments:

This was once an active hobby of mine. I have written a few books on the subject. Now I'm wondering if a part of me, a reflection of me, somehow is actually teaching the game in the material world.

February 5, 2025.

Dream 1:

My dad is in a big green car with some of my younger siblings, including Linda. They plan to drive to a small town in rural New York state called Beacon. I was hoping to go with them. I am thinking we could all go in my car, but since dad has three kids with him, all their luggage is packed in his car and ready to go. I agree, then, to go in his car.

Dream 2:

There seems to be an odd and obscene contest going on where men compete in satisfying a woman orally. The prizes are something like \$160, \$140, and \$125.

Comments:

Another example of traveling dreams, luggage, moving. I've never heard of a town called Beacon in New York, but one does exist along the Hudson River a few miles north of New York City. I'm sure the word beacon has some latent meaning, but not sure what. The sex dream probably has origin in my sexual fantasies. (Fully out of place for an old man!)

February 6, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm seated at a large table. The table and several people are all on the train that runs from Paris to Amsterdam. It passes through Belgium. In front of me are all Belgian people, and they include some very lovely young Belgian girls. The men are talking about how attractive these girls are and hinting that they come from a superior lineage, possibly dating back to the Garden of Eden. I see one girl smiling at me who has reddish-blond hair and fair skin.

Dream 2:

I'm at a rock and mineral fair. A woman shows me a handful of orange and yellow polished stones. I think they may be carnelian and tourmaline. I am representing the sellers and it's my job to evaluate the price, but I don't know where to begin. Suddenly the mood shifts and I want to be alone with the woman selling the gems. Most of the other customers have left, but eventually a young man enters, and I feel grateful that he interrupts my horny intentions.

Dream 3:

I'm in a complex of buildings that includes a coffee shop, a hospital, and some professional clinics. A woman is talking with me and I suspect she is a mental case, speaking nonsense and acting strangely. She points out some pastries and sweets in the coffee shop. Then, she is asking about getting a bed in the hospital. Another worker seems to recognize her as a patient who needs assistance.

This woman tells me that I have to remember a song, and that when she calls on me I have to shout out the song. Next I find myself in a booth at a restaurant, or maybe the coffee shop. This same woman whispers the key words to me but now I forgot the name of the song she told me. There is a lot of confusion, but then someone presents a magazine where all of this crazy woman's works and songs are listed. It seems at one time she was a noted singer.

Comments:

Dream 1 reflects a trip I took to Paris and Amsterdam in 2013, and I took that train ride. It also reflects some reading and ideas about how mankind may have been genetically uplifted by the descendants of Adam and Eve.

Dream 2 refers to a period in my life when I was interested in semi-precious stones. I used to make “healing wands” by placing these stones into wands made out of rosemary wood. Some stones are worth a lot more than others. Also a note on avoiding sexual temptations.

Dream 3:

There may be some dietary advice about sweets. The woman’s forgetfulness seems to be repeated in my own failure to remember certain things, like the title of songs.

February 7, 2025.

Dream 1:

No words: I just see an image of a rope. I feel it’s the emblem for some kind of organization or fraternity, maybe sailors. There is lettering on the central box but I cannot recall any words. See **Figure 16**.



Figure 16. Rope emblem.

Dream 2:

I see three young boys playing happily on bicycles. One of them somehow tricks me into getting a haircut by presenting a clear plastic envelope with gooey material inside that must be cleaned out. I don’t know the exact details.

At the shop I tell the barber how the boy tricked me. It turns out the barber is the

father of the boy who coaxed me into the haircut. Somehow I suspect the barber taught the boy how to do this.

February 9, 2025.

Snippets of poorly recalled dreams:

I'm hanging small pictures on a wall. They may have a backing board as they form a square of about 4-feet on each side. Most are 5x7-inch frames with several of my bird pictures.

It seems like I'm a contestant or about to be one in a television talk show. The hosts are interviewing me. One woman host has a sexy red dress.

February 10, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm in a class with only 5 students. The teacher is writing on a blackboard. We covered one point of his presentation, but now he's explaining items two, three and four, and I can barely keep up. Three of the students have left on an assignment, leaving just me and one other fellow. I feel like I'm falling behind in all I have to learn.

Dream 2:

I'm in a large factory and I see samples of junk food, cakes and cookies laid out in different places but I don't eat them. I find myself lost in a big city, I see a warehouse area, again with stale old slices of cake, and I feel they are too old and contaminated to eat. I find a bike and I start riding around on it. I am looking for the office building where I work, but all I see is other parts of the city, including a port, ships, canals, and the warehouse area. At one point I find my building and it's in nice shape in a better part of the city, but then I'm lost again. I have my cell phone with me and I think I can use that to find the address of where I work and navigate to it.

February 11, 2025.

Vague dreams:

I'm watching videos of people singing, yodeling. It seems to go on for a while.

I'm designing a questionnaire for a research project. It involves person to person interviews going door to door. I'm creating the questions for the questionnaire. In one of my stops I come across a sick dog.

Comments:

For many years I worked as a market research analyst and designing questionnaires for surveys. It was part and parcel of my duties. I have recently been watching videos of yodeling.

February 12, 2025.

Dream:

A man is standing out doors. He has no pants on.

Comments:

I woke up feeling very cold. The room was cold. This is a dream stimulated by the low temperature in my bedroom.

February 13, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm at a family reunion. It seems from long ago when I was a teenager. It seems my cousin Teresa, on my father's side, is there. She either had a baby or a younger sister who died. The little girl got her fingers caught in a gate.

Dream 2:

I see a long tubular shape. It might be an arm, even my own arm. It has a long slit in it with no blood. I see someone repairing it by putting small stones inside the wound then gluing some kind of food or nutrient to it. The same scene repeats, but this time it is a crack in the wood in the bottom section of a kitchen cabinet. The combination of the stones with nutrients glued to them will help repair the split.

Dream 3:

I see family friend Jimmy S. He's hugging two tall guys. I get the impression he has died or is going to die.

Comments:

Dream 1 reflects a vague memory from my youth. Dream 2: Not sure but it may relate to arm pain from laying too long in one position during sleep. Dream 3 is worrying about a friend who has had some recent health challenges.

February 14, 2025.

Dream 1:

Someone is calling me. It sounds like a woman. I feel somehow that it's a trap. I see the heads of two men. They might be behind this plot.

Dream 2:

There are two groups of four people each. One group is selfish and devious, planning on using power and control. The other is more gregarious and loving. The selfish group is counting their large silver coins. The more social group has fewer of the same coins. The two groups set out on separate missions. In the meantime, a woman called Mother, trusted by both sides holds onto the coins.

One person on the good team has a pocket full of gemstones. He throws them into a fireplace while others look on in dismay. That may not be necessary for the purposes of the kind group. I find myself washing my head, shampooing my hair. Eventually, acts of the kind group convince the selfish group to reform their ways.

Dream 3:

I'm in a rural setting with nice houses along the roadway. The road is not paved and there is grass growing on both sides and in the middle. My son is there and he urges me to mow the grass. I cut the grass on both sides of the road and in the middle. Then I have a hedge clipper and I start to trim the bushes and shrubs on both sides of the road. A neighbor is there and I discuss with him that I'm not sure the homeowners want the shrubs trimmed in the way I was doing it. My goal was to cut back anything that would prevent trucks from passing through along the road.

Comments:

Dream 1 suggests thoughts of how a woman can trap me into doing things against my own self interest. Dream 2 seems to reflect the current political situation where power and force seem to be approaching fascist levels. The solution seems to be to work with the power hungry people and show them that kindness and inclusion is a much better approach. I'm not sure about dream 3. I want to clear a path but I don't want to infringe on people's property.

February 15, 2025.

Short dreams:

I'm watching people in a swimming pool. It seems they are being helped by an unseen swimmer below the surface.

I'm in a large room. It seems like a group designed to get single people together. I see a line of women. They are all older, small, and slim.

Comments:

The unseen swimmer suggest that we are "kept afloat" by spirit helpers.

February 16, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm yelling at and telling off a guy who is taking advantage of my stepson N. I tell him to get out and "Don't come back." I tell N. that it's a nightmare.

Dream 2:

I'm reading political posts on the internet. They are written in odd, fat letters, making them hard to read. I'm reading through them determined to find the sentences that I agree with.

Dream 3:

I'm visiting a Mexican festival. They are offering free food, but it's mostly greasy fried foods. I go back for seconds and ask for a piece of pound cake, but they give me a bunch of Ritz crackers instead.

Comments:

There is fellow freeloading off N. This guy is not buying food, lends N's van, and drops in uninvited. I went to bed worrying about this. Dream 2 reflects me following political discussion on the internet. Dream 3 is dietary advice

February 17, 2025.

Dream:

I'm on a cruise ship. It is well furnished and somewhat luxurious. I meet an old friend, a boy about 16 years old, though I don't recall who he is. Evelyn, one of my wife's friends, is there. She seems to have a 4-bedroom suite on the ship. She is showing us around. There are plenty of windows and rooms, finely decorated. There are soft chairs, coasters, and vases all around. Some of the walls are glass, and looking into the next room I see a grouping of teardrop shaped black vases which seems unusual to me.

In one corner I see a clear glass vase that seems to have a letter and a gift for me. Another lady on the ship is looking for romance, but is not finding it. Then, however, a member of the ship's crew shows some interest in her. There is a big

blue glass sculpture in front of us. It looks like a series of blue glass disks that have been mashed together while the glass was hot, forming a series of blobs, like pancakes. I touch this sculpture and see it is made of fibers, like strands of hair that I can scratch and they start to come apart.

Comments:

I have no idea what this means. It reeks of luxury, which Evelyn seems to like.

February 18, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a large house, at a meeting. Ten or so women are talking about spiritual matters. I suggest we form a group meeting so we can discuss such things on a weekly basis. They all seem to agree. They want to get started right away. We travel to some center where we can schedule such meetings. Me and one other fellow are the only men in the group.

As we get ready to leave, I ask my wife if we she can carpool with me, or should I carpool with others. She and the other man decide not to go, as she is sleepy. Besides, our car is in the shop.

February 19, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in mid-town Manhattan. The collapse and invasion of our country has begun. I have a choice of entering a community underground, like a vast bomb shelter. I can't decide if I should stay above ground and take my chances or join the underground community. I see the bunker is vast, with lots of people and resources, but I have food stashed away in my home.

I decide to enter the underground bunker because I fear a nuclear explosion would render everything radioactive on the surface. I am in a group of people who fled the surface, but there seems to be leaders or organizers in the underground area. One woman was very kind to me, explaining things to me. There are two older men facilitators around me also. I summon each of them, but

none come over to me. I want to tell them of my food cache and perhaps retrieve it for the benefit of the people down here. Still, I'm thinking of sneaking out through an air shaft or something to retrieve that food.

Comments:

As I wake up, I'm thinking about the probability of this being the End Times, so often spoken of in a biblical context. It seems Trump and his cronies are hell-bent on destroying the economy and world democracy.

This ties in to my spiritual research that suggests the material world has to collapse to facilitate the awakening to the reality of the spiritual realms. Example 1, from the Bible: "Those who would save their life will lose it. Those who would lose their life will find it." I take this to refer to the body: To lose the body means you awaken to the reality of your spiritual identity. The soul, the spirit is eternal. Example 2, from A Course in Miracles, Lesson 136, which underscores the same sense of spiritual identity: "Defenses are plans to defeat what cannot be attacked." That is your spiritual identity as an idea in the mind of the Creator. This would seem to suggest that worrying about the welfare of the body is a misplaced fear.

February 20, 2025.

Dream 1: (Snippet of a dream.)

I'm in a crowd, watching a dog race. There are three small white dogs racing. It looks like one of them is about to win, but a slow-motion of the photo-finish video shows a dog that was in third place suddenly bounds forward and his paw finishes first across the finish line.

Dream 2:

There is a big party going on at the house of a neighbor, Joelle. It looks like a bunch of musicians are gathering there for a jam session. She shows me an exotic stringed instrument with a hammock-like mesh hanging from the bottom. I ask if I can see it, but she is hesitant as it's an expensive purchase. I look around and many visitors are arriving with guitars and other instruments. I am thinking I'll go home and fetch my ukulele to join the fun. I remember that I just put note-identifying stickers on the fret-board of my baritone ukulele and I hope

I don't look like an amateur if I show up with these learning aids on my instrument. I go back home and I see a workman removing garbage from my gate.

Comments:

I don't know what these dreams mean. I suspect the dog race hints at an underdog winning a race. The jam session has always been long sought-after goal of mine, as I've attended a few in the past and they are really fun.

February 21, 2025.

Dream 1:

I see multiple images of bending a wire and dipping it in water to form a lens, which is then used like a telescope.

Dream 2:

In a subway station. Char catches the train but the doors close before I can get on. I shout to her to tell here I'll meet her two stations up the line. Somehow I get there and meet her, but now we may have to back-track to the station in Sacramento in order to get to our destination. I'm having trouble with the station agents; they won't give me instructions. I try to pay them but then two female agents help us out.

Afternoon nap:

A boy has an injured bird, a pigeon. Someone picks it up to bring it to medical care.

Comments:

The first dream reflects how early scientists came up with the idea of the telescope with glass lenses. The second reflects my recent plans to travel using Amtrack in California for a visit to the SF Bay Area.

February 22, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm in a burned-out town. The buildings are all in ruins. There are fires around me, maybe from broken gas lines. I feel hot and uncomfortable. I wake up with too many covers on me.

Dream 2:

A tall, brown-skinned man is working on large plants, something like sugar cane. He is shirtless with a cloth skirt around him. On top of his head is an area of glowing, aqua-colored gems, or possibly a growth on his head that is glowing with blue light. It's a fascinating contrast with his brown skin and a bit mesmerizing.

Dream 3:

I see large branches in my back yard, under one of the mulberry trees.

Comments:

Dream 1 is most likely a thought that come from being too warm in bed. Dream 2, the only real REM dream had me wondering if this is some kind of message about the crown chakra, or maybe a past life. Dream 3 was stimulated from recent experiences of me pruning trees in my back yard and cutting them up.

February 23, 2025.

Dream 1:

I see a bridge collapsing into the water, For some reason I'm concerned about reclaiming the steel and the aluminum cans that were lost with the bridge.

Dream 2:

I'm a new hire at Stanford Hospital. I walk onto the ward and see one nurse who has gotten sick and they take care of her by putting her in a small square cut into the floor. As I join the shift change meeting, the sick girl is now standing next to me and I want to avoid her. Touring a different part of the hospital I see candy then a display of fishes in a tank and different kinds of flowers. I take a small piece of candy, then a tiny flower which I insert into a ring that I am wearing.

Dream 3:

I see two exotic birds and I want to record them for my bird-watching hobby. As I look at them they look more like little dogs than birds. One has zebra stripes on its hind legs. The other has wide black and white stripes down its back from the neck to the rear end, like a skunk, only wider stripes.

Comments:

The first dream was triggered by a news documentary on engineering disasters. The second is from my years as a nursing student where we trained at Stanford Hospital in Palo Alto, California, a teaching hospital. This hospital has very high standards and I was impressed by its professionalism. The last dream refers to bird watching. After a year or so in the hobby, the big challenge is to find a new species and perhaps branch out into recording other forms of wildlife.

February 24, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm filling out a word game. There are a series of blank boxes and I have to fill in the words that match the number of boxes; something like a crossword puzzle.

Dream 2:

A prisoner or some kind of criminal is using the reflection on the roof of a room of the sun shining on water. The rippling effect is casting patterns on the ceiling. I feel there is some kind of scheme to extract money from the home owners.

Dream 3:

Again, a group of criminals, two men and a woman are trying to attack workers in a building. The group has placed ladders to an open window of this place and the criminals are standing on the top rung of the ladders. I am with them but not participating. I am trying to warn the workers that an attack is imminent. I mouth the word "No" to them. Sure enough they charge into the window but there is no harm done. I'm confused as I seem to be with the attackers, but also warning the potential victims, so I'm playing both sides.

February 25, 2025.

Dream:

I have an old Kodak camera, small and square. I'm taking pictures. I don't want my wife to see what pictures I took; don't know why. I have to pee, and I go into a tub of water to relieve myself. She comes in anyway and sees the tub with pee in it. I take the SD card out of the camera so she cannot see what I've been taking photos of. I wake up having to go to the bathroom.

I have a second snippet of a dream where I'm playing a word game, like a crossword puzzle.

February 26, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm seeing pictograms, formulas, and symbols from my career as a statistician. I see the equation for the calculation of standard deviation, using the square of the values of individual readings.

Dream 2:

I see a blob of wet gunk. It looks like a sticky-ball that comes from trees, a seed pod. This glob though is about twice the usual size, and the stickers are more hair-like and wet with black ink. One lands on a newspaper and leaves black gooey mess on one of the headlines.

Nap:

I'm on the street, in front of an old, large apartment building. An old lady, a bit hunched over, is entering the building, coughing. I see an ambulance pull up to the building and sense that it is here to help the lady who was coughing. I have some equipment in my car, that I use to help this woman, some hoses, and ice buckets. I see an old friend, a female nurse, is driving the ambulance. I wave to her. She goes in and in a little while the emergency is over. I want to collect some of the equipment that was used in her treatment.

Comments:

Dream 1 comes from my many years as a statistician in market research studies. The blob of ink, dream 2, is probably an indication that the newspapers these days, with a president out of control, are being messed up with news stories that are black, ugly, and distracting.

Dream 3 is part of recurring theme about me being drawn back into the medical arena. If it's not apparent from previous comments, I've been collecting insight from various spiritual sources and on-line influencers that suggest the current chaos in the political arena is part of a broad spiritual plan to awaken mankind to the illusion of the material world, and the reality of celestial realms and the Kingdom of God. As *A Course in Miracle* states, "There is no world." That we are already in Heaven but in a kind of dream state we are distracted by unreal events that have grabbed our attention. Again, as the *Course* states, only that which lasts forever is real. This includes all our acts of kindness, our loving thoughts, and our faith in the reality of the sonship of God and the brotherhood of man.

If the current collapse of the world structure continues, than nurses, healers, and Light Workers will be needed in vast numbers. Although I am retired, I retain my nursing license. I'm wondering if I need to brush up on basic First Aid procedures.

February 27, 2025.

Dream:

I'm entering a business office with the hope of finding employment. I realize the company I am in is a place I worked before, for an electrical device manufacturer where I was a technical writer. I see the lead engineer there, one of the guys I worked with. He's suggesting I go into sales, as I know about electrical and electronic devices. I see myself being a good sales man, going to meetings and presenting the product to customers.

February 28, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a hospital setting. I'm watching someone in a chair getting healed. It may be myself.

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March 1, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm looking over a rural town. There's a sense that this location has been on hold for 30 years and is now liberated. It feels as if a dust has fallen on all the houses and trees, though you cannot see it. There's a feeling of new-found freedom and awakening, but it also needs help in adjusting to the new reality.

Dream 2:

I'm outside a large building. It seems like a charity event is going on. I go inside. In a small room on the side is a desk with a computer. Two young African men, improving their skills, are working on the computer. I feel grateful to them for advancing their education. I shake hands with them. One has sweaty palms. As I thank them, one says to me to express my gratitude to the organization, led by a woman. I go into the next room, where there are banquet tables set up and workers are delivering all kinds of food.

I go off to one side to ask who is running the charity. They mention a name and I think I see her standing on the side. She's a woman of stature and class, in a white dress. As I get closer, I see her name tag, and it doesn't match the name I was told. Then I realize the name doesn't matter. It's the good works of charity that are important.

Comments:

For dream 1, I feel this is a future event, when entire countries will be liberated from depression and dictatorial rule. Even though they are liberated, they will still need help in adjusting to a more democratic lifestyle. Light Workers will be needed.

Dream 2 seems to follow a similar theme. People in developing countries will need to improve their skills to live in a new world order. They are grateful for the work of charities that help feed and educate them.

March 2, 2025.

I'm up in the air looking down on a border area in Ukraine. Drones are being used to watch Russian troops in the area. They pick up evidence that some Russian soldiers are having relations with a few Ukrainian women. They are identified. Some in the military want to kill both the soldiers and the Ukrainian women who are involved. The consensus seems to be to spare the women. The last thought is that they will kill the Russian soldiers involve in front of the women who fraternized with them.

Comments:

There is much news on television about Ukraine in the war with Russia.

March 3, 2025.

Dream:

I'm riding a bicycle in a spotty neighborhood. A tall young woman sees me and gives me a gift signed by all the children in her classroom. I start to tell her about an act of kindness that I once did that was so rewarding to me. (I bought a stuffed animal for a little girl who's mother was clothes shopping in a thrift store.) There is a feeling I want to tell her, that giving and receiving are the same thing – just different sides of the same coin. While talking to her I notice my bike has been stolen. Another older Jewish woman is there too and I ask her if she saw anything. Maybe one of the local boys stole it. This Jewish woman is short, a bit bent over, with red hair and a pink face, like she was blushing or sunburned. Somehow the older woman may be the same person as the tall blond, but I can't be sure. I figure I have to use a driver service, like Uber, to get home.

March 4, 2025.

No dreams recalled. I experienced a prolonged period of prayerful meditation upon awakening in which I delved into some of the concepts reviewed in *A Course in Miracles*, wherein we are advised to give up worldly concerns and listen only to the inner Voice of God. I was plagued by thoughts of the chaos that Trump and Company are sowing into our world, and again the advice was to give up focusing on the illusions of the material world and listen to inner guidance.

March 5, 2025.

Dream:

I wandering through an unfamiliar city. I have my camera with me and I'm interested in getting pictures of landmarks, historical markers, etc. I see a building with brass plaques on the brick facade, and I want to photograph them. I also wander into various retail stores and take photos of unusual artworks. Somehow, I feel finding a good subject for my photo search is like eating pistachio nuts: sometimes you get a good one. While walking around I have a fear that I lost my camera. I wonder "Am I dreaming?" But then I find it on my shoulder.

Comments:

This is a popular sentiment for me in my amateur photography quests. I sometimes wake up about 3:15 in the morning, thinking about how to best respond to the current political and economic upheaval generated by Trump's chaotic and uninformed decisions. I feel the best response is to stay positive. "Resist not evil." I'm thinking of ways to make that ideal more manifest in my life. Maybe by using my social media platforms. I find it significant that I often wake up to see it's near 3:16 in the morning, which reminds me of the popular biblical verse John 3:16.

March 6, 2025.

Dream 1 (Strange.)

I'm in a rural wooded area. I'm faced with a difficult challenge: To shoot a rifle and hit another bullet shot from another gun. I seem to succeed at this task, as I see an image of the two bullets hitting each other in a cloud of dust. Next I'm supposed to shoot a bird nest out of a tree. I succeed at this too.

Dream 2:

I'm with two other guys as we enter a hospital as new hires. I go in to see my first patient in a ward. It's a young woman. I start talking to her as she is reluctant to take her pills. She opens her hand and shows me a pill that she should have taken earlier from another nurse. I realize that I'm doing everything wrong with this first encounter. I don't know the patient's name or diagnosis. I look up and see three men watching me from behind their desks. I realize this is just a test to see how I handle the situation.

I go back out into the hallway, looking for the medication room and the charts of the patients. It's a rather run-down hospital that they are trying to restore to full functionality. As I'm walking down the hall I see a man talking to one of the men who were observing me. I overhear the man say that two other nurse candidates didn't make it. I'm the only one who retains my employment.

One of the staff members who was observing me asks me to help him. I'm supposed to accompany him as he returns a patient to her senior living apartment. This too is run down, and I'm thinking I hope I never end up in a cheap senior living place like this one. Next I find myself in a booth at this facility. The man who asked me to accompany him is on my right, and an elderly woman is on my left. She is old and demented. I'm not sure if this is the same woman he was delivering to the home facility. This disheveled older woman is talking trash, asking if I want a blowjob. Both me and hospital staff member see this as a demented attitude and a trap. I look off to the side and see that this senior facility also has a casino at one end, yet another indication that this is a low class facility. As me and the staff member leave the facility I have to pay a processing fee of \$7.00 at the front desk. I look through my wallet and I know I have a \$5 bill and some singles, but I can't quite sort out the money to pay the clerk.

Comments:

Strange dreams. I think the first one suggests a very difficult task lies before me, but I'm up to the challenge. The return to the nursing has been an ongoing theme in my dreams. The feeling of inadequacy is evident here. The run-down hospital and senior center suggests a deteriorating environment in my life, but what? The obscene old woman and the casino represent temptations that I might have to eliminate (for Lent). The first dream suggests I can meet this challenge.

March 7, 2025.

Dream:

I'm assembling furniture, specifically a living room easy-chair; something like an Ikea assembly. I notice the two sides are not even at the bottom. It consists of a series of blocks about 4-inches square that attach to each other with dowels, and the whole structure is covered in upholstery. I realize one side of the baseboard is missing one block.

Comments.

I have no idea what this means. It's the foundation of a chair, which probably refers to some psychological structure.

March 8, 2025.

High Dream:

I'm looking outside the front of my house as neighbors and utility workers are looking at a big ditch going under the walkways of my house and that of my neighbors. The ditch is about 4-feet wide and at least 5-feet deep. The neighbors are quite resigned to the digging, even happy about it. About 10 of the neighbors come into my living room and we all seem to be good friends. We're in a semi-circle celebrating something. My friend Mary P. is on my right. Everyone starts singing. To my surprise Mary is singing very beautifully and to a song I heard a long time ago. It's "*O Holy Night*" sung by a tenor sometime back in the 1970s. It's my favorite version of my favorite Christmas song, because the original singer reprises the verse "His power and glory evermore shall reign" at the end and adds flourishes and aria-like enhancements to that verse as the end. To my

surprise, Mary is singing this in a strong and beautiful voice, full of power and confidence. I am backing her up singing the bass cleft. It's quite moving.

Comments:

I wake up in a state of bliss. My favorite song sung by my best friend, a woman who claims she cannot sing. I feel the ditch represents the underground or subconscious mind. The entire mood of the dream is one of friendship and celebration. It seems to offer a peek into the celestial realms.

March 9, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm playing volleyball on a court, but I can also see myself and the other players from many different perspectives, from any angle, including from underground. The ball comes to me and I return it toward by fellow players. Now, however, I see my line of sight, watching myself, move from behind me to swooping underground, looking at myself from beneath the floor. I see myself fall and I see the ball fall short of my nearest team mate. So we lost the point.

Dream 2:

I'm back in the living room with neighbors and friends, just like in yesterday's dream. This time my son is with me. There is much joy at the music and my son hugs me and we cry on each other's shoulders.

Comments:

The first dream suggests to me that this ability to see material events from any perspective is an ability built into perception in the spirit realms. If we are spirit, we can relocate anywhere in spirit realms, zooming in and out and anywhere in the holographic dimensions. I often see from this 360-degree perspective in what I call High Dreams, and rarely in waking visions.

The second dream too suggest I am actually visiting the non-material world and experiencing conditions in heaven. I'm very close to my son who is a devoted Christian.

March 10, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm working for a slick wheeler-dealer type fellow who is involved in the sex trade. He arranges sexual encounters for several clients. It seems I'm his bookkeeper or something, as I see his ledger entries where he pays providers \$400 per transaction and sells them to clients for \$500. I have the feeling that he is not well liked by his associates.

Dream 2:

I'm in a group that is very much like the weekly coffee gathering I have with friends every Tuesday morning. An old friend, Connie H. is there and she's trying to seduce me. I've never been attracted to her and I'm not interested now. Donna R. is there, a long time member of our coffee group and I say to her "This group will go down in history!" She happily agrees. In another scene, I'm looking for a spot to park my car. I want to get a free space, but this area seems to be all private businesses that charge a fee or city-owned parking spaces that also charge a fee.

March 11, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm in a group of about 10 people. They all go off to work. I, however, have a headache and stay in bed. My boss seems to agree that it's OK. Then another worker comes back and he is not feeling well either.

Dream 2:

People are studying words and speeches by Trump. They are analyzing things he said and tallying word counts.

Comments:

Dream 1 is probably a real-time headache. Dream 2 reflects my current concern about Trump madness.

March 12, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a warehouse setting in a tough neighborhood. Some young thugs capture me and bring me into a room to their leader. He's taller than most people, slim and looks like he's Russian. He seems threatening to me. But, being a smart-ass, I tell him, "Sure, you're bigger than me and could easily beat me in a fight, but you don't yet understand that this is a 'Reflective Universe.' What goes around comes around. What you do to me will eventually happen to you!" I suspect he himself is already living in fear of violence from other sources. I'm hoping he regards my comments as helpful.

Comments:

This reflects some spiritual and religious truths that I've been studying.

March 13, 2025.

Brief dream:

I'm looking into a family owned business. It's a successful business. The owners have a mentally challenged daughter. They give her a do-nothing job that helps her self esteem by providing a role for her. She has an office where she checks the accuracy of receipts for the business. It's not a crucial function but provides structure for the daughter.

Comments:

This is one of several dream that I suspect may be glimpses into other actual lives. There's a theory that says we are all really just one mind leading separate but connected lives. If that is true then any one seemingly separated mind can astral travel, see, feel, and witness the lives of others. Looking back on other supposedly nonsense dreams suggests this just might be the case.

March 14, 2025.

Dream:

I'm preparing for a trip, a visit to the countryside, and maybe even a wild area. I hear the voice of an instructor. He's telling me to avoid wild areas that have a bad aromas. Even the relatively safe smells, like the ocean or pine needles should not be over-indulged in, as this can effect your health.

Comments:

This is a direct result of a television documentary I saw on last night, which covered the toxic area in Ethiopia called the Great Rift Valley.

March 15, 2025.

Snippets of dreams:

I'm looking at wires. One pair is red and white. Another is black and white. There's a young girl. She's playing a game where she has to name things that start with the letter Z. She thinks of zoo, then xylophone.

Comments.:

I'm a ham radio operator and recently I was working on a power supply. Usually red is the hot wire, positive. Black or green is neutral, or the ground wire.

March 16, 2025.

Dream:

I'm reading a book. Looking at specific passages, then applying it to my life activities.

Comments:

This is true for me reading for the Nth time *A Course in Miracles*.

March 17, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm teaching a girl guitar chords. Her unusual device has ten strings, instead of the normal six. It looks like the size of a page of lined loose-leaf paper, only thicker. I'm not sure how the chords would translate to such an instrument.

Dream 2:

Four adults have somehow been given a baby. They don't know how to handle it or care for it. I'm expecting they are going to mess things up.

Dream 3, nightmare:

I'm visiting a big multi-part business with two other guys. One is an old friend John T., the other I don't know. We seem to have finished our business there when one woman who works there is in the exit driveway. She's nice looking and is kneeling on her knees in the driveway. John, a normally religious man, is talking with her, making lewd remarks to her, suggesting she's tempting him. He wants to recruit her for sex acts. He tells her to meet him at the front entrance. Now there is a small car and seven guys in the car, two in the rear cargo area. The plan is to go to the front entrance, pick her up and she would be molested as she lays across the laps of the guys in the car. We drive through this alleyway and come out to a pick-up area. A fat, ugly girl tries to get into the car and we say no, this is not the girl John contracted with. The other women there mention that "Oh, they want Emily! She's the most experienced at seducing men." They seem to suggest that will never happen.

All I want now is to get out of there, feeling it's all a trap. I try to leave, but a few of the working girls force me into this 2-part cubicle. One says "Open your mouth!" as she holds a toy rubber frog in front of my face. As I do so she squeezes the frog and squirts a foul-tasting goo into my mouth. I feel dizzy as they push me into the second part of the cubicle, which contains a toilet. I decide not to swallow the liquid, but instead plan to spit it out into the toilet, feeling it is a drug I don't want to ingest.

Then the scene changes and I'm back in the sprawling business. It has many distinct stations, numbered from 1 to about 110. I'm trying to find my way to station 96, but I cannot find it. I'm somehow finally back out on the street, waiting outside the building for John and my other friend. I'm not sure if they

will ever get out. I start planning to go home by myself by using Uber or some other car service.

Comments:

The third dream is the most disturbing. It suggests I might be exposing myself to sexual temptations, especially the alluring videos on the internet, such as Reels on Facebook. It seems this is a trap and it could detour my higher goals of becoming a holy man. It leaves, at the end, a sour taste in my mouth. I wake up disgusted. My tongue is dry.

March 18, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a large church with a large congregation. Every pew is filled. It's a funeral. There is a lot of standing, kneeling and sitting. The minister has a sky blue shirt on. We start a procession, I think to view the casket. A line forms. When it's time for the section that I'm in to go up to pay our respects, the woman in front of me, being the lead for our group, doesn't know where to go. She leads our line around the alter. She finally walks to the side where we're supposed to view the casket, and the congregation emits a muted cry and applause that she finally found the right place to go. When I get to the side, I look through a window, expecting to see the deceased. Instead, it's a medical doctor, an intern. He is on a 24-hour shift and is taking nap, a work break to rest up. I see him stirring. He's spread out, all akimbo, on some wooden structure.

Comments:

I'm not sure what this means. There is a school of thought that says all the characters in a dream are aspects of one's self. This would suggest that I'm the confused woman not knowing how to deal with death. I'm the sleeping doctor. Another angle may be that when you expect death, there is no body. In other words, there is no death, as psychic Edgar Cayce contends. Cayce refers to the Great Pyramid at Giza being empty, meaning symbolically, that there is no death.

March 19, 2025.

Dream1:

I walk into our living room and see seated on our couch a Hispanic man. He's sitting on the couch holding a knife to the throat of a little girl. I talk to him soothingly, saying "You don't want to do this. You would be better off to leave now before you do anything more serious." I can't quite make out the girl, but I know he's holding her. He seems to respond, slowly, to my pleas. I tell him if he leaves now I won't call the police. He does leave, but I see him later in a car outside the house. In the car is young black boy. He tells me the Hispanic man is called Stik, because he sticks people with his knife. Back in the house Char is with me. I'm wondering if *she* could call the police, so I don't break my promise to the guy.

Dream 2:

I'm in Paris with my wife, but she doesn't look like her in real life. She is younger and smaller and blond. We are walking along a boulevard in front of stores and shops. I tell her, "Isn't it great to wake up in the morning and you're in Paris?!" We're wandering around and somehow get separated. I'm disappointed, as the time is passing and we haven't yet visited any sights.

I'm in the basement of a hotel. It's like a 1960's crash pad in the basement. Lots of soft chairs, messy rooms, and little cubicles. Lots of people gathered there. It seems old and sloppy, but comfortable. A younger brunette woman with curly hair is sitting next to me. She's making advances to me like she wants to have a sexual encounter. We get up to leave to find a more private space in the lower level area. She says to me "You're much older than I am!" I agree, and she doesn't seem to mind.

We're looking for a private room and go up the stairs. Upstairs, however, is where my wife and I are staying and I don't want to run into her. The dream ends with no encounter with the younger woman.

March 20, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm a worker in a government department. I'm monitoring the situation as jobs are being eliminated from the bottom up.

Dream 2:

I'm working as a US Customs officer. Because of a (Trump?) emergency, I've been reassigned to Tower 2 along the southern border with Mexico. I'm told to "Take Highway 80 south." Setting out, I get lost and find myself in a restricted area, for passengers only, at the airport. I'm on a bus and I tell one of the authorities about my situation, asking them if I can be let out. One of them hears my pleas and lets me out through an open window on the bus.

Next, I'm in a government building at the airport, still trying to get to my assignment at Tower 2. I want to call my supervisor who first gave me the orders. I don't know what to tell her. I'm thinking I'll make up a story about being in a car accident. I'm pretty much resigned to the idea that I simply won't make it to my assignment. I'm looking through a bag I have with me, searching for a piece of paper that might have a telephone number I can use to call my boss. While searching in the bag, I find half of a chicken salad sandwich. I eat it.

Comments:

Dream 1 is more worry about Trump cutting jobs at crucial government departments.

Dream 2 reflects my job as a US Customs officer in the early 1970s. The border reassignment is another reference to Trump's messing things up in our government. The airport can be a symbol of a place for ascension. This is perhaps being blocked by my worries and concern for the chaos imposed by Trump.

March 21, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in the house of a wealthy Chinese lady. It's a large house, nicely appointed and with spacious rooms. It seems she is a society lady that uses her house for entertainment. There are many bedrooms, but for large events she has four dorm rooms that can each accompany about 10 visitors each.

I wake up in one of the dorm rooms and I have to go to the bathroom. All the men leave the dorm room and I want to take a shower. I forgot that I have to go back and get some clean underwear. As I enter the dorm I see all the women are there and they are getting dressed, so I quickly exit to give them some privacy.

Food is being served and the lady of the house has a small child, a boy, who has just eaten four plates of food. I take away the plate. The boy's older sister sees this and laughs, because the mother always thinks the boy is not eating enough. Seeing the four empty plates, she knows the boy is getting plenty of nutrition. I then leave to go to the bathroom.

Comments:

This again reminds me of the biblical phrase, "In my Father's house are many mansions." This shows a wealthy home with lots of community guests and well-fed, well cared for children. This may also have some dietary advice, because four plates of food is a bit much.

March 23, 2025.

Dream:

I see a plump woman in a bright yellow dress. She opens a small container, like a film canister and pours the contents over the front of her dress. The canister holds a bunch of fluffy materials, like feathers, all very bright red. The feather-like stuff flies all over her dress.

I next see a dog and a cat swimming in a pool, under water. The two animals are tethered together by what looks like a pair of USB cables. The cat and dog seem to be sniffing and otherwise interested in each other's genitals.

Comments:

These seem like symbolic messages but I have no clue to their meaning. Perhaps the animals under water suggest animal behavior.

March 24, 2025.

Vague dream, poorly recalled:

I'm given a sheet of paper. On it are lines of glyphs and symbols. I feel like they are names that need to be listed onto a new sheet of paper.

March 25, 2025.

Dream:

Two old-time musicians, like from the 18th century, are talking on the porch of an old house overlooking a river. They are talking about music. One is going away on a long trip and they are saying goodbye to each other.

Years later one of them is walking through this old house and he hears someone whistling a catchy tune. He realizes this is not like any melody he's heard before. He is surprised his friend has returned and has some innovative and exotic musical news to share with him.

Next, I'm loading up an old car. I have many possessions that are dear to me. There is a fear that marauders are in the area and they might want to steal some of my things. I take my ukulele in a black carry bag and I hide it in the rafters of the house for safe keeping. I'm thinking also of selling a box of coins and findings from my metal detecting hobby. Some guys are around me, interested in metal detecting. I tell them how a rural house like this one probably has lots of hidden treasures in the grounds around the house. I tell him I once found an 1887 Indian Head penny in the ground in front of the house.

Comments:

I'm just wondering if my current interest in music, guitars, and ukuleles stems from events in past lives. The same is true for treasure hunting, which I enjoyed in the past with a metal detecting hobby. I one wrote a book on this subject which remains for sale on Amazon.com.

March 26, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in what feels like a third story apartment. I'm sleeping in a single bed. Right next to me is another empty single bed. Into the room walks a woman I knew, KF, from many decades ago. We were in some kind of group for *A Course in Miracles*. She walks by me in a white bathrobe, somewhat exposed, but there is no sexual interest or temptation. The scene changes and we are both in the kitchen of this apartment. My old dog, Bear-Bear, was there, though he was my dog long after I knew KF. There is a young friend with her who is arguing that "Once you have a dispute with someone then the marriage is over." I disagree with her, stating that even loving families have an occasional dispute and it doesn't break up the marriage.

March 28, 2028.

Dream:

I'm seeing the face of an old friend, Lynn M., as if on a television screen. We used to go geocaching together. She's showing be a bruise on the top left of her forehead and a bloody sore on her upper lip.

Next, a bunch of neighbors are coming over to our house. Not sure if that is to comfort Lynn or for some other function. My wife is sitting on the couch with several other people. To my left is Mr. Rogers, from TV fame -- "It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood." I realize I have to go to work. I ask Mr. Rogers about how to go about dismissing all these visitors, as he has more social skill than I do. I then lean over and ask my wife if we should tell them to go. She says yes, and surprisingly they all leave without complaining.

I get in my car and start driving to work, but there are several blue utility trucks doing some kind of maintenance on the street. While I'm waiting for the traffic jam to clear I see several feral cats and kittens playing on the grass next to the sidewalk. I get out of the car to pet and comfort them. I look back and see my car with the door open and the emergency flashers blinking. I take another look back at the cats and then return to my car, only to find that now the car is missing. I go to ask some of the utility workers if they know what happened to my car. As I approach them I see a cop and I tell him about my missing car. He says, "Come

with me.” I realize he knows exactly what happened and is leading me back to retrieve the car.

Comments:

I don’t know what the meaning is of seeing my old friend with a bloody face. At times like this I have the urge to contact the person involved to see if, in fact, there was some kind of injury. When I do make contact, it sometimes proves to be a real psychic revelation, but just as often makes no sense at all. Neighbors visiting and overstaying their welcome is often a problem for me. Asking Mr. Rogers for advice suggests it’s OK to state my needs (to go to work) even if it’s a slight or insult to my friends. The lost or missing car: Not sure of the meaning, but this is a recurring theme in my dreams. I’ve heard it said the car represents the body, the vehicle for the soul. Perhaps these encounters are happening in the spirit realms and I’m trying to find my way back to the material plane. No idea what the feral cats signify.

March 29, 2025.

Vague dream 1:

I see a tree with many humming birds in it and they take flight, moving to my right. I’m looking at a small wooden jig-saw puzzle. I find myself in a war with the British, like the American Revolution. I learn some things by seeing how they organize their battle plans. That helps us win.

Dream 2:

I’m in a room with two men and two women. The two men are making advances on the two women. As I get closer to the scene, I become one of the men. There is a plump woman and a slim one. The other man is with the slim one, but I prefer that woman. The plump woman becomes someone I know from my ukulele group. She once flirted with me, but I cut it off because I’m married and didn’t want to get involved. Now she faces me and asks why I became distanced from her. Another woman in the uke group is watching all this and asks what I was doing. I tell her that I made it clear that friendship was OK but anything sexy was not OK, because I didn’t want to compromise my marriage.

March 30, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm writing down the procedures for answering a CQ call on ham radio. I'm listing the typical steps. Then I write the same instructions for calling CQ. CQ is shorthand for "seek you" for connecting with other amateur radio operators in this hobby.

Dream 2:

I'm at work, wearing headphones as I tune into the internet; something I'm not supposed to do on the work computer. A female co-worker hands me a coin. It looks like a 1963 quarter. For that date, it should be a real silver coin. Looking at it more closely, I see it's just plastic, or maybe a rubber eraser; not worth much.

Dream 3:

I'm in a classroom when I hear that the school is being visited by a VIP, possibly the president. I grab my glasses and my camera so I can take pictures of this event.

Comments:

Recently I've had renewed interest in my ham radio hobby. For dream 2, I'm messing around with the internet when I should be working. On what, I'm not sure. The phony silver coin shows I'm easily deceived or distracted. The camera, again, is one of my hobbies.

March 31, 2025.

Dream:

I'm with several ministers in a large church in the middle of a poor urban neighborhood. I'm one of the ministers. Several of us have been kicked out of this organization. I ask one of the other ministers "Who's left?" in the old church. He doesn't answer me.

There is a minister with me, a friend of mine. We pack a car full of things we might need to start our own church. We drive around the city. While driving around we find a stray white-furred dog and we take him with us. We're wondering if we should start our own group or church.

Comments:

Hmm! I never thought of myself as a minister or starting a church. I have been thinking of writing another book, this one on all the New Age revelations that have come to us since biblical times. There is much information that complements traditional Christian teaching. Such a book, however would take nine months to a year to complete, and I'm not sure I should start such a project.

END

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